

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"

Screenplay

By

Gene Wilder & Mel Brooks

FOURTH DRAFT  
February 7, 1974

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"

FADE IN

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN CASTLE - NIGHT

1

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING..

A CRACK OF THUNDER!

On a distant, rainy hill, the old Frankenstein Castle, as we knew and loved it, is illuminated by ANOTHER BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

MUSIC: AN EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY begins to PLAY in the b.g.

CREDITS BEGIN, as we MOVE SLOWLY CLOSER to the castle. It is completely dark, except for one room -- a study in the corner of the castle -- lit only by candles.

Now we are just outside a rain-splattered window of the study. The CREDITS END and we PASS THROUGH THE WINDOW and SEE:

INT. STUDY

2

A closed coffin rests on a table. As the CAMERA SEMI-CIRCLES towards the front of the coffin...

A clock, that happens to cross our path, BEGINS TO CHIME: "One," "Two," "Three," "Four..." We might notice that both its hands are pointing to 12.

Now we are FACING the front of the coffin and begin to RISE SLOWLY ABOVE it. "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Eight..."

The heavily ENGRAVED LETTERS on the curved lid of the coffin reveal themselves to us, from bottom to top, inch by inch:

F R A N K E N S T E I N

We are ALMOST DIRECTLY OVER the coffin. "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," "T W E L V E !"

The lid of the coffin FLINGS OPEN with a CRASH.

CUT TO:

## THE EMBALMED HEAD OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

Half of his face still clings to the waxen balm; the other half has decayed to skull. Below his head is a skeleton, whose bony fingers clutch a metal box.

## A HAND

reaches in to grasp the metal box.

It lifts the box halfway out of the coffin -- the skeleton's fingers rising, involuntarily, with the box.

Then, as if by force of will, the skeleton's fingers seem to grab the box back and place it where it was.

Now "The Hand" -- with the help of its other hand -- grabs the box back from the skeleton's fingers...which no longer resist.

## ANGLE ON CORNELIUS WALDMAN

whose "Hands" we have just seen, carries the box to a small table. He takes a tiny key out from his vest pocket and begins to unlock the metal box.

NINE PEOPLE watch him closely. They are seated on chairs in the study, waiting to hear the contents of Beaufort Frankenstein's will. Their dress is turn-of-the-century Transylvanian.

Cornelius Waldman fumbles with the ancient lock, emitting little grunts as he tries to open it. As he is grunting, the CAMERA PASSES the face of each "Potential Heir," as he or she mutters in frustration or anger.

HEINRICH (90 yr. old Villager)

My life is in that box and he  
can't open it.

AGATHA

(his wife)

Shhh!

HEINRICH

Hurry, idiot. Hurry!

AGATHA

Quiet, Heinrich. We've waited  
seventy years -- another three  
or four seconds won't hurt.

Cont.

HEINRICH

Another three or four seconds??? I  
could be dead by then.

AGATHA

Shhh!

A MAN

What if your beloved Great Uncle...  
left you out of his will?

HELENE (HIS GIRLFRIEND)

Shut your beloved mouth!

ANASTASIA ( A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN)

Oh, Mutti -- I hardly remember.  
Did the Baron really like me when  
I was a child?

MARLENE (HER MOTHER)

Like a father!

WOLFGANG

(muttering to  
himself)

Wenn dieser Bloder kerl sich nicht  
beeilt werde ich verrückt. Was zum  
Teufel machte?

MARLENE

Shhhh!

WOLFGANG

Vas??

MARLENE

Shaa!

WOLFGANG

Ah!...Ya!

Cornelius Waldman finally opens the lock. He takes out an  
old parchment, puts on his glasses, coughs and sputters a  
few times, and then begins to read.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

(reading)

'I, Beaufort Frankenstein, in this  
my eighty-third year of life, do  
hereby declare the following  
statements as my last will and  
testament...to be read upon the  
occasion of my one hundredth birthday.  
And I direct my executor,  
Cornelius Waldman, to assemble those  
persons previously divulged to him,  
that they may hear -- in my own voice --  
the final disposition of my property.'

Cont.

At the words "in my own voice" the nine "Potential Heirs" exchange curious glances.

Cornelius Waldman nods to a clerk, HERR FALKSTEIN, who is standing nearby.

Herr Falkstein cranks an old Victrola and places the needle onto an already spinning record. It SCRATCHES and then begins to PLAY.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

(deep and majestic)

The once proud name of Frankenstein  
has been dragged, by my only son,  
Victor, into an abyss of shame.  
There was a time when the name  
'Frankenstein' conjured dreams of  
virtue. Now, no misery can be  
found to equal mine. And the catalogue  
of sins of my once devoted son will  
not cease to rankle in my wounds until  
death shall close them forever -- so  
supremely frightful is the effect of  
any human endeavor to mock the Creator  
of the world.

(to an Assistant)

Did you get all that? Are you sure  
you got 'rankle in my wounds?' I'll  
kill you if you screw this up. All  
right, all right -- get the hell out  
of the way. You're sure I'm close  
enough to this thing? All right,  
shut up!

(for posterity again)

Now as to the disposition of my estate.

Everyone in the room sits alert.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT

To my cousins, Heinrich and Agatha...

CUT TO:

THE NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER AND HIS WIFE

6

VOICE OF BEAUFORT

...and to my cousin Walter and his  
wife, Ilse...

CUT TO:

WALTER AND ILSE

5

7

... VOICE OF BEAUFORT  
...and to my niece Helene...

CUT TO:

HELENE, SITTING WITH HER BOYFRIEND

8

... VOICE OF BEAUFORT  
...and my dear nephew, Wolfgang...

CUT TO:

WOLFGANG, SITTING ALONE

9

VOICE OF BEAUFORT  
...and lastly, to my cherished old  
bosom...My cherished old bosom  
friend, Marlene, and to her charming  
daughter...

(to the Assistant)  
What did she finally name it after  
all the fuss?

VOICE OF ASSISTANT  
(whispering)  
Anastasia!

VOICE OF BEAUFORT  
(back into the  
microphone)  
...Anastasia...

CUT TO:

ANASTASIA AND MARLENE

10

VOICE OF BEAUFORT  
...to all of you, in equal shares,  
I hereby give absolutely and without  
any restrictions whatsoever, all  
property of every sort and description,  
whether real, personal or mixed, to  
which my estate shall be entitled.

Heinrich and Agatha are hugging each other.

Helene and her Boyfriend are hugging each other.

Anastasia and Marlene are hugging each other.

Wolfgang is hugging himself.

Cont.

## VOICE OF BEAUFORT

UNLESS...

They all look up suddenly from their hugging.

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH...the needle has reached the end of the first side.

Herr Falkstein lifts the arm off and turns the record over.

## HERR FALKSTEIN

(apologetically)

It's a seventy-eight.

He places the needle on the record.

## VOICE OF BEAUFORT

...unless...my only male heir,  
my great-grandson Frederick...  
whom I have never seen but who is,  
at the time of this recording, ten  
years of age and residing in America  
with my granddaughter Katherine --  
has, by his own free will, embraced  
Medicine as his career, and has  
acquitted himself with some measure  
of esteem. Then, to him I leave...  
EVERYTHING!

The nine "Potential Heirs" are expressionless.

## HEINRICH

Oh, mein Gott!

## AGATHA

Sha! What's the matter with you?  
He's probably not even a Doctor.

## VOICE OF BEAUFORT

My castle, together with its laboratory,  
its public and private library, plus  
all income and principal thereof...in  
the fond hope that yet another Frankenstein  
shall lift our family name to an  
eminence of dignity that it once  
enjoyed. As for my dear friends and  
relations, should this latter  
improbability come to be -- I know  
that I have your complete understanding.

Cont.

## VOICE OF BEAUFORT (Cont.)

For the path to salvation and  
repentance must be climbed up the  
barren mountain of my soul, and  
not up yours, up yours, up yours,  
up yours, up yours...

Herr Falkstein removes the needle from the finished record.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Herr Falkstein! Did you inform  
Frederick Frankenstein of this  
assembly and all the particulars  
of time and place?

HERR FALKSTEIN

I did, sir.

He takes a cablegram out from his pocket.

HERR FALKSTEIN

But I received a cable only this  
morning, saying that he could not  
come.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Was he aware of the importance  
of this occasion?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Yes, sir, he was. But he said  
he was obligated to give a lecture.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

What lecture could be more  
important than the will of  
Baron Beaufort Frankenstein?

HERR FALKSTEIN

(reading the cable)  
'Functional areas of the cerebrum  
in relation to the skull.'

The Ninety-Year-Old Villager passes out.

HELENE

(very sweetly)

Excuse me, Mr. Waldman -- excuse me  
for interrupting. But is Frederick,  
then...a medical doctor?

Cont.



CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
Yes, my dear, he is.

HELENE  
And has he achieved...any special  
degree of eminence?

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
He is the fifth leading authority  
in his field.

HELENE  
(sinking her head  
into her hand)  
Oh, shit.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
Herr Falkstein! -- You must go at  
once and present Dr. Frankenstein  
with all the details of his  
inheritance. The estate will provide  
for your journey.

HERR FALKSTEIN  
Yes, sir!

HELENE  
I object, Herr Waldman! If the  
beloved great-grandson cared at all  
for the House of Frankenstein, he  
would have shown it by being here  
tonight. I think we should completely  
disregard the afterthoughts of a  
very old man.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
Madam -- the foundation of civilization  
rests upon adherence to the law. And  
the Law is the Law. DAS GESETZ IST  
DAS GESETZ!

Wolfgang -- the nephew who mutters in German -- CRASHES  
the back of his head halfway INTO THE WALL behind him.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW and into the  
room.

The RECORD that was just played SHATTERS into pieces.

The lid of Peaufort Frankenstein's coffin SLAMS SHUT by  
itself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL ARENA - DAY

11

LEGEND OVER SCREEN IMAGE

BALTIMORE GENERAL HOSPITAL

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Herr Falkstein enters the balcony of an arena packed with young MEDICAL STUDENTS. A lecture is in progress.

LECTURER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

If we look at the base of a brain which has just been removed from a skull, there's very little of the midbrain that we can actually see.

Herr Falkstein proceeds, almost on tiptoe, along the aisle -- his footsteps ECHOING lightly against the cold stone floor as he passes the faces of students, intense with concentration. He is carrying the small metal box from the previous scene.

LECTURER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yet, as I demonstrated in my lecture last week, if the under aspects of the temporal lobes are gently pulled apart, the upper portion of the stem of the brain can be seen.

Falkstein eventually finds a vacant place and sits down.

LONG SHOT - FALKSTEIN'S P.O.V.

12

of our famous lecturer: YOUNG DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN, who is illustrating with chalk on a blackboard.

FREDDY

This so-called 'brain stem' consists of the midbrain, a rounded protrusion called the pons, and a stalk tapering downwards called the medulla oblongata, which passes out of the skull through the foramen magnum and becomes, of course...the spinal cord. Are there any questions before we proceed?

MEDICAL STUDENT

(rising)

I have one question, Dr. Frankenstein.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - FREDDY

13

FREDDY

That's 'Fronkonsteen.'

Cont.

MEDICAL STUDENT

I beg your pardon?

FREDDY

My name -- it's pronounced  
Fron kon steen.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Oh! I thought it was  
Dr. Frankenstein.

FREDDY

No, it's Dr. Fronkonsteen!

MEDICAL STUDENT

But aren't you the grandson of the  
famous Dr. Victor Frankenstein??...  
who ingeniously dug up freshly  
buried corpses and transformed dead  
components into...

FREDDY

(interrupting).

I KNOW WHAT HE DID! I know what  
he did. But I'd rather be  
remembered for my own small  
contributions to science, and not  
because of my accidental relationship  
to a famous...cuckoo.

Polite laughter from the Students.

FREDDY

Now, if you don't mind, can  
we get on to your question?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Well, sir...I'm not sure I  
understand the distinction between  
'Reflexive' and 'Voluntary' nerve  
impulses.

FREDDY

Very good! Since our lab work  
today is a demonstration of just  
that distinction...why don't we  
proceed?

Freddy picks up a magician's wand and taps on a bell.  
CARLSON, his assistant, wheels in a PATIENT.

Freddy moves behind the Patient on the table.

Cont.

FREDDY

Mr. Hilltop here -- with whom I have never worked or given any prior instructions to -- has graciously offered his services for this afternoon's demonstration, Mr. Hilltop!

HILLTOP

Yes, sir?

FREDDY

Have we ever seen each other before this afternoon?

HILLTOP

No, sir.

FREDDY

Tell them!

HILLTOP

(turning to the Medical Students)

No, sir -- we haven't.

FREDDY

(to his audience)

Do I lie?

(to Mr. Hilltop)

Would you be kind enough to hop up on your feet and stand beside this table?

Mr. Hilltop gets off of the operating table and stands erect.

FREDDY

Mr. Hilltop! Would you raise your left knee, please!?

Mr. Hilltop raises his left knee.

FREDDY

You have just witnessed a 'Voluntary' nerve impulse. It begins as a stimulus from the cerebral cortex, passes through the brain stem and then to the particular muscles involved. Mr. Hilltop, you may lower your knee.

He lowers his knee.

Cont.

FREDDY

'Reflex' movements are those which are made independently of the will, but which are carried out along pathways which pass between the peripheral nervous system and the central nervous system. You filthy, rotten, yellow son-of-a-BITCH!

Freddy pokes his knee close to Mr. Hilltop's testicles. Mr. Hilltop reacts accordingly.

FREDDY

We are not aware of these impulses, neither do we intend them to contract our muscles. Yet -- as you can see -- they work by themselves.

By this time, Mr. Hilltop has lowered his protective thigh... a little nervously.

FREDDY

But what if we block the nerve impulse by simply applying local pressure...which can be done with any ordinary metal clamp.

Freddy reaches out his hand. Carlson hands him a bicycle clamp. Freddy places the clamp behind Mr. Hilltop's ears.

FREDDY

...Just at the swelling on the posterior nerve root -- for, oh, say, five or six seconds...

A short pause. Freddy looks at his watch.

FREDDY

Why you mother-grabbing BASTARD!

Freddy jerks his knee into Mr. Hilltop's testicles. This time Mr. Hilltop does not move. His eyes cross in exquisite agony. He is almost ready to pass out.

FREDDY

Because of this clamp, all communication is shut off. In spite of our mechanical magnificence, if there is not this continuous stream of motor impulses...  
(removes the clamp)  
...we would collapse like a bunch of broccoli.

Cont.

Mr. Hilltop collapses onto the floor.

A smattering of POLITE APPLAUSE.

Carlson reaches down and lifts Mr. Hilltop, who is unconscious, back onto the table.

FREDDY

In conclusion, it should be noted...

(to Carlson)

Give him an extra dollar.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

...that any more than common injury to the nerve roots is always serious, because...once a nerve fibre is severed...there is no way, in Heaven or on earth, to regenerate life back into it. Are there any last questions before we leave?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Doctor Fronkonsteen!

FREDDY

Yes?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Isn't it true that Darwin preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case until, by some extraordinary means, it actually began to move with voluntary motion?

FREDDY

A piece of what?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Vermicelli.

FREDDY

Are you speaking of the worm, or the spaghetti?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Why...the worm, sir.

Cont.

FREDDY

Ah! In science you must be very precise -- it can spell the difference between life and death.  
(to Carlson)

I don't want that fellow in class next semester.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

He has a big mouth.

(to the Medical Students)

Yes! It seems to me I did read something about that incident as a student. But you have to remember that a worm -- with very few exceptions -- is not a human being.

A small TITTER from the Students.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But wasn't that the whole basis of your grandfather's work, sir...? The reanimation of dead tissue?

FREDDY

My grandfather was a sick man.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But as a Franken...as a 'Fronkonsteen,' aren't you the least bit curious about it? Doesn't the bringing back to life what was once dead -- hold any intrigue for you?

FREDDY

You are talking about the nonsensical ravings of a lunatic mind. Dead is dead!

MEDICAL STUDENT

But look at what's been done with hearts and kidneys!

FREDDY

Hearts and kidneys are Tinker Toys! I'm talking about the Central Nervous System.

Cont.

## MEDICAL STUDENT

But, sir...

## FREDDY

I am a scientist...! Not a philosopher.

(holds up his scalpel)

You have more chance of reanimating this scalpel than you have of mending a broken nervous system.

## MEDICAL STUDENT

But your grandfather's work, sir!

## FREDDY

My grandfather's work was Doo-Doo!  
I'm not interested in death! There is only one thing that concerns me, and that is the preservation of LIFE!

POLITE APPLAUSE. However, on the word "Life," Freddy has plunged the scalpel into his thigh by mistake. No one but Freddy and the Movie Audience is aware of this.

## FREDDY

Class...is...dismissed!

The Students begin to leave.

## FREDDY

Carlson!

## CARLSON

Yes, sir?

## FREDDY

Bring me some surgical gauze, a little tape, and some...mercurichrome.

## CARLSON

(seeing the wound)

Mercurichrome? But, sir, don't you want me to bring you some iodine?

## FREDDY

Burns.

## CARLSON

Yes, sir.

He runs off.

Herr Falkstein approaches Freddy with the metal box.



HERR FALKSTEIN  
Dr. Frankenstein?

FREDDY  
(through his pain)  
Fron kon steen!

HERR FALKSTEIN  
My name is Gerhart Falkstein, and I  
have travelled 5,000 miles to bring you  
the will of your great-grandfather.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. A CITY STREET - EVENING

Herr Falkstein and Freddy are walking along the sidewalk.  
In the distance, a little OLD VIOLINIST, wearing a Tyrolean  
hat, PLAYS a cheerful tune on his violin. His open violin  
case rests on the ground beside him.

FREDDY  
One hundred thousand dollars?

HERR FALKSTEIN  
Oh, at least, sir. The land alone  
is worth a small fortune.

FREDDY  
But I can't just drop everything  
and leave. I have obligations.  
For Heaven's sake, man...I'm being  
married in two weeks. What do  
they expect of me?

Herr Falkstein looks down for a moment, in sympathy. The  
little Old Violinist has finished his cheerful tune. He  
now PLAYS the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY that was heard  
at the opening of the film.

HERR FALKSTEIN  
(meekly)  
You also have an obligation to  
the family.

FREDDY  
Hang the family! I've said I  
won't do it, and that's that!!

HERR FALKSTEIN  
But you can be back in a week's time,  
Doctor -- ten days at most.

Cont.

FREDDY

Oh, leave me alone, can't you?  
What you're asking of me is  
ludicrous. It's not so easy just  
to pick up and...

Freddy stops -- the music seeping into a dark and forgotten  
corner of his brain.

FREDDY

Curious melody! Haunting, isn't  
it?  
(rubs his temples with  
his fingertips)  
Of course...I don't want the family  
to think of me as a spoil sport.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Does that mean...

FREDDY

Excuse me a moment.

Freddy, followed by Herr Falkstein, walks back a few steps  
and stands next to the Old Violinist as he plays.

FREDDY

What's that tune you're playing?

OLD VIOLINIST

Zis is an old Transylvanian Lullaby.

FREDDY

It has something! Such a quaint  
little tune.

Freddy reaches into his pocket and takes out several bills.  
He stuffs them into the Old Violinist's pocket.

OLD VIOLINIST

Oh, sank you, sir.

FREDDY

May I see your violin?

OLD VIOLINIST

(handing Freddie  
the violin)

It's an honor for me, sir. You  
play the violin?

FREDDY

Oh, just a little.

(examines the violin)

Nice! Nice little balance to it.

Cont.

## OLD VIOLINIST

Ja, ja.

Freddy, without emotion, smashes the violin over his knee and then hands the two halves back to the Old Violinist.

FREDDY

Thank you so much.

The Old Violinist takes the two halves, open-mouthed.

FREDDY

(to Herr Falkstein)

Well, if you're sure I could accomplish everything in a week...

HERR FALKSTEIN

Why did you do that?

FREDDY

What?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Break that old man's violin.

FREDDY

I didn't do that.

HERR FALKSTEIN

The Old Violinist -- you smashed his violin over your knee.

FREDDY

I did not do that. Why would I do a thing like that...? Are you insane?

Freddy takes a cigarette out of his cigarette case and begins to light it.

HERR FALKSTEIN

(in solitary ecstasy)

He - is - a - Frankenstein!

FREDDY

All right, then, I suppose I owe the family that much. But you'll have everything ready for me when I arrive?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Oh, yes, sir. I'll take care of everything. You don't know how happy this makes me.

Cont.

FREDDY

One week at the most!

HERR FALKSTEIN

One week -- I'll see to it,  
Herr Doktor!

As Freddy disappears into the distance, Herr Falkstein takes out his wallet, and, as he walks past the Old Violinist... he drops out a few bills into the open violin case.

ANGLE ON THE OLD VIOLINIST

15

He nods appreciatively -- then begins to PLAY the Transylvanian Lullaby on the top half of his violin.

The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to his face, which is now just a little eerie as he plays under the shaft of light from a street lamp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

16

Freddy, with a large suitcase and small briefcase, stands next to a lot of steam -- behind which there appears to be a waiting train.

With Freddy is his beautiful, flat-chested fiancée, ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Oh, my sweet darling...oh, my dearest love...I'll count the hours that you're away.

FREDDY

(moving to kiss her)  
Oh, my darling -- so will I.

ELIZABETH

Not on the lips?

FREDDY

What?

ELIZABETH

I'm going to that silly party at Nana and Nicky's later. I don't want to smear my lipstick...you understand.

FREDDY

Of course.

CONDUCTOR

(o.s.)  
BOAED! All aboard.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear...

FREDDY

Well....I guess this is it.

ELIZABETH

Freddy! Darling! How can I say in a few minutes what it's taken me a lifetime to understand?

FREDDY

Try .

ELIZABETH

All right...you're tops with me.

Cont.

FREDDY

Darling!

ELIZABETH

I'm yours! All of me! What  
else can I say?

FREDDY

(putting his face  
against her cheek)

Oh my sweet love!

ELIZABETH

The hair! -- the hair! Just  
been set.

FREDDY

Oh! Sorry.

ELIZABETH

I hope you like old fashioned  
weddings.

FREDDY

I prefer old fashioned wedding  
nights.

ELIZABETH

You're incorrigible!

FREDDY

Does that mean you love me?

ELIZABETH

You bet your boots it does.

FREDDY

(taking her by the  
waist)

Oh my only love.

ELIZABETH

Taffeta, darling.

FREDDY

Taffeta, sweetheart.

ELIZABETH

I mean my dress -- it's taffeta.  
Wrinkles so easily.

Cont.

FREDDY

Oh!

CONDUCTOR

BOARD! ALL ABOARD!

ELIZABETH

There's that horrid man again.  
Hurry, now -- before I make a  
fool of myself. I don't trust  
this 'no run' mascara.

Freddy, not knowing where to touch her, sticks out his  
elbow. She sticks out hers, and their elbows kiss good-bye.

FREDLY

Good-bye, darling.

ELIZABETH

Good-bye, Freddy.

Freddy DISAPPEARS INTO THE STEAM.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

17

Freddy is sitting in a passenger car, reading a book. A FEW  
PEOPLE sit near him.

A CONDUCTOR

18

walks down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR

New York next! Everyone out for  
NEW YORK!

Freddy looks out the window.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S FACE AND THE WINDOW

19

When Freddy looks back, the same People are sitting where  
they were, but now they are wearing Tyrolean clothing.

The seats have a more European arrangement.

THE SAME CONDUCTOR

20

wearing a Tyrolean Conductor's hat, walks down the aisle.

Cont.

CONDUCTOR  
Transylvania nachstel Jeder  
austeigen für TRANSLYVANIA!

Freddy reaches up and takes his suitcase and briefcase off of the rack above him. Then he raises his window and looks out:

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GERMAN BOY

21

dressed in lederhosen, a cap, and a shoeshine kit on his back, passes by.

FREDDY  
 (calling out to him)  
 Pardon me, boy! Is this the  
 Transylvania Station?

GERMAN BOY  
 Ja, ja. Track twenty-nine.

He walks OFF. Then suddenly TURNS BACK.

GERMAN BOY  
 Oh, can I give you a shine?

FREDDY  
 Thank you, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

22

Freddy gets off the ancient train wearing his hat and carrying his coat over one arm. He looks for someone who might be there to meet him.

The train leaves. (o.s.)

The station is completely deserted.

LOW THUNDER.

From the distant shadows, Freddy HEARS the SOUND of someone approaching.

The SOUND comes closer and closer, but it is so dark, and foggy, that no definite form can be perceived. Finally, there is:

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING!

illuminating A FACE, one foot away from Freddy's.

Cont.



IGOR  
Frankenstein?

FREDDY  
Fron kon steen!

IGOR  
You're putting me on.

FREDDY  
No, it's pronounced Fron kon steen.

IGOR  
And do you also say FRO derick?

FREDDY  
No, Fred erick.

IGOR  
Why isn't it Froderick Fronkensteen?

FREDDY  
It's not. It's Frederick Fronkonsteen.

IGOR  
I see.

Now Freddy can see the whole man facing him. He is a strange fellow with a hunched back.

FREDDY  
You must be Igor.

Igor thinks a moment.

IGOR  
No, it's pronounced AYE gor.

FREDDY  
But they told me it was EE gor.

IGOR  
Well, they were wrong then, weren't they?

FREDDY  
You were sent by Herr Falkstein, weren't you?

Cont.

IGOR

Yes, that's right. My grandfather used to work for your grandfather. Herr Falkstein thought it might be ironically appropriate if I worked for you.

FREDDY

How nice.

IGOR

Of course...the rates have gone up.

FREDDY

Of course, of course. I'm sure we'll get on splendidly.

In his uneasiness, Freddy slaps Igor on his hump.

FREDDY

Oh...I'm sorry. You know, I don't mean to embarrass you in any way, but I'm a rather brilliant surgeon. Perhaps I can help you with that hump.

IGOR

What hump?

FREDDY

(trying to recover)

...Let's go!

Freddy reaches down to take his briefcase. Igor grabs it first and walks off -- leaving Freddy to struggle with the large suitcase. He follows after Igor.

They pass under a dangling sign:

"TRANSYLVANIA STATION"

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR THE STATION

23

Igor and Freddy approach a cart drawn by TWO HORSES.

IGOR

(climbing into the driver's seat)

I think you'll be more comfortable in the rear.

Freddy climbs up on the spokes of one wheel and throws his suitcase into the cart.

Cont.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)  
Oooh!

FREDDY

What was that?

IGOR

That must be Inga. They thought  
you might need a laboratory  
assistant temporarily.

Freddy peers into the cart and sees:

A LARGE-BREADED LABORATORY ASSISTANT lying in the hay.

INGA

Would you like to have a  
roll in the hay?

FREDDY

I'm not sure I...get your drift.

INGA

You should try it -- it's fun!

She begins to roll herself over and over in the hay.

INGA

(singing)  
Roll, roll...roll in the hay;  
Roll, roll...roll in the hay...

Igor CRACKS a whip. The horses start OFF as Freddy scurries  
into the cart.

Igor joins in SINGING with Inga: "Roll, roll...roll in the  
hay."

CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S EYES

24

as he listens to the singing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

25

The cart travels up a winding road.

Cont.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

Inga snuggles quickly into Freddy's arms.

INGA  
Sometimes I'm afraid of the  
lightning.

FREDDY  
Just an atmospheric discharge --  
nothing to be afraid of.

A HORRIFYING CRY OF A WOLF.

INGA  
(frightened)  
Werewolf.

FREDDY  
WEREWOLF???

IGOR  
There!

FREDDY  
What?

IGOR  
(pointing to the  
woods)  
There wolf!  
(pointing up  
the road)  
There castle!

FREDDY  
Why are you talking that way?

IGOR  
I thought you wanted to.

FREDDY  
No, I don't want to.

IGOR  
Suit yourself -- I'm easy.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

IGOR  
(pointing to the top  
of the hill)  
Well...there it is!

CUT TO:

THE CASTLE (Miniature)

illuminated by lightning.

As we see the castle:

IGOR  
(o.s.)  
Home.

FREDDY  
(to himself)  
Home!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

As they approach the gigantic front door -- illuminated by a torch in iron sconce on each side -- Igor steps down from the cart and walks up to the door. He grasps hold of:

CLOSER SHOT - DOOR

TWO ENORMOUS WROUGHT-IRON KNOCKERS

Igor raps them against the door. The SOUND can be heard ECHOING through the castle.

FREDDY  
(watching the door in  
amazement as he helps  
Inga down from the cart)  
What knockers!

INGA  
(shyly)  
Thank you, Doctor.

Igor goes back to the cart, takes down Freddy's briefcase and begins to unhitch the horses.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

The massive frame slowly CREAKS open and A WOMAN appears.

FRAU BLUCHER  
I am Frau Blucher.

LIGHTNING.

At the sound of her name, the HORSES REAR.

Cont.

IGOR  
(thinking it was the  
lightning)  
Steady! Steady.

Freddy sets his and Inga's suitcase onto the ground and approaches Frau Blucher.

FREDDY  
How do you do? I am  
Doctor Fronkonsteen. This  
is my assistant. Inga, may I  
present Frau Blucher.

At the sound of her name, the HORSES REAR.

IGOR  
Easy. Easy! Steady now.

FREDDY  
I wonder what's got into them?

FRAU BLUCHER  
Your rooms are ready, Herr Doktor.  
If you will follow me, please.

FREDDY  
Ayegor! Bring the bags as soon  
as you're done.

IGOR  
Yes, sir.

FREDDY  
After you, Frau Blucher.

As the HORSES REAR, Frau Blucher, Inga and Freddy DISAPPEAR  
INTO the castle.

IGOR  
Down! Get down, you beasts!  
Down, I say!

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

30

Freddy and Inga gaze in awe as they enter the great hall.

30

THEIR P.O.V. - RECEPTION HALL

31

A fire is burning in the enormous fireplace, casting SHADOWS on the walls.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE

32

Igor has picked up all the luggage and, as he walks to the front door, he turns suddenly toward the horses and SHOUTS:

IGOR

BLUCHER!!

The HORSES REAR.

CUT TO:

## INT. RECEPTION HALL

33

Frau Blucher picks up a large, UNLIT CANDELABRA from a small table and starts towards the staircase. Igor has entered and joins the others.

FRAU BLUCHER

Follow me, please.

She leads Freddy, Inga and Igor UP THE STAIRCASE. On the right side, there is a wall; the left side is a SHEER DROP DOWN.

FRAU BLUCHER

(holding up her  
unlit candelabra)

Stay close! This staircase can  
be treacherous.

Freddy and Inga look at each other but follow politely.

As they ascend the staircase, Igor pushes past Freddy and Inga.

IGOR

(to Frau Blucher)

Do you mind if I walk near you?  
I can't see a bloody thing back  
there.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM

34

A fire is lit in the fireplace. Candles are lit in wall sconces. One wall is devoted to books. Freddy's bags have been placed on a chaise lounge.

FRAU BLUCHER

And this is your room. I hope you  
find it comfortable...it was your  
grandfather Victor's room.

She turns to a PORTRAIT OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. (It bears a remarkable resemblance to Freddy,)

FREDDY

It seems fine.

FRAU BLUCHER

(turning back to Freddy)

You'll find the keys to all the rooms  
in my cas...all the rooms in your  
castle on this ring. I'll leave  
it on the table.

Cont.



FREDDY

Does that include the key  
to the laboratory?

FRAU BLUCHER

You mean...the laboratory.

FREDDY

Yes!...the laboratory.

FRAU BLUCHER

No, the laboratory was destroyed  
in a fire...long ago.

FREDDY

I see.

(examines the  
bookcase)

There seem to be quite a  
few books.

FRAU BLUCHER

This was Victor's...the  
Baron's medical library.

FREDDY

I see. And where is my  
grandfather's private  
library?

FRAU BLUCHER

I don't know what you  
mean, sir.

FREDDY

Well, these books are all very  
general -- any doctor might have  
them in his study.

FRAU BLUCHER

This is the only library I  
know of, Dr. Frankenstone.

FREDDY

...Fronkonsteen.

FRAU BLUCHER

Fronkonsteen.

Cont.

FREDDY

...Well...we'll see.

FRAU BLUCHER

Would the doctor care for a brandy  
before retiring?

FREDDY

No, thank you.

FRAU BLUCHER

Some warm milk, perhaps?

FREDDY

No! Thank you. That's very kind of you.

FRAU BLUCHER

Ovaltine?

FREDDY

Nothing! Thank you. I'm a little  
tired.

FRAU BLUCHER

Then I'll say good night.

She turns to the portrait, kisses it as unnoticeably as  
possible, and whispers:

FRAU BLUCHER

Good night, darling!  
(turns back to  
Freddy)  
Good night, Herr Doktor.

FREDDY

Good night, Frau Blucher.

She leaves. From outside -- just after the words  
"Frau Blucher" -- the SOUND OF HORSES REARING.

Freddy watches as Frau Blucher closes the door. Then he  
looks at:

THE PORTRAIT OF VICTOR

35

Freddy goes to the chaise lounge and begins to unpack. He  
HEARS a strange musical sound coming from outside. He goes  
to the window and looks up.

CUT TO:

A TURRET AT THE TOP OF THE CASTLE

Igor sits in the window blowing a ram's horn. The series of notes repeats hypnotically, and then, inevitably, it segues into some "COOL BLUES."

Igor plays, through his open window, to:

CUT TO:

CLOUDS PASSING ACROSS A FULL MOON (STOCK)

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE

Deadly SILENCE. As the CAMERA PANS from the moon, SLOWLY BACK through Freddy's window and across his room, suddenly -- from the deep recesses of the castle -- a violin is HEARD playing: the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

As the CAMERA REACHES FREDDY, he is tossing restlessly in bed.

FREDDY

(in his nightmare)

I'm not a Frankenstein. I am not a Frankenstein. I'm a Fronkonsteen! Don't give me that -- I don't believe in fate, and I won't say it. I won't, I tell you. I will-not-say-it. All right...all right...all right, you win.

Give me a 'D!' Now give me an 'E.' Give me an 'S!' Give me a 'T!' Give me an 'I!' Now give me an 'N,' and I mean I WANT TO REALLY HEAR IT. Now give me a 'Y' and what have we got? DES - TI - NY! DES - TI - NY! NO ES - CA - PING, THAT'S FOR ME.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Dr. Fronkonsteen! DR. FRONKONSTEEN, wake up!

Inga -- dressed in nightgown and robe -- stands over Freddy.

FREDDY

(waking)

What is it?

INGA

You were having a nightmare.

Cont.

FREDDY  
(listening)  
What's that strange music?

INGA  
I don't know -- it woke me up. That's  
why I came into your room.

FREDDY  
(getting his robe from  
the chaise lounge)  
Funny -- I wonder what it could be  
at this hour?

INGA  
It seems to be coming from behind  
the bookcase.

Freddy walks to the bookcase, puts his ear against some books,  
and then feels for some hidden button or handle.

FREDDY  
Hand me one of those candles!

Inga takes a candle from a wall sconce. She turns back to  
Freddy.

INGA'S P.O.V. - HE IS GONE!

39

INGA  
Doctor -- where are you?

FREDDY'S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Put -- the candle -- back!

Inga places the candle back into the sconce. As she does so,  
the middle section of the bookcase TURNS A FAST 360 DEGREES,  
REVEALING FREDDY for a fleeting moment, and then returning  
as it was. Freddy is gone.

FREDDY'S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
All right -- I think I've got it  
figured out. Take the candle out  
again, and I'll block the bookcase  
with my body.

Inga takes the candle from the sconce.

The bookcase TURNS A FAST 359 DEGREES. ONLY FREDDY'S ARM  
CAN BE SEEN, sticking out from the bookcase.

Cont.

## FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Now listen to me very carefully.  
Don't put the candle back! With all  
 of your might -- push against the  
 other side of the bookcase.

Inga sets the candle down on a table, backs up a few feet,  
 and then hurls herself against the other side of the book-  
 case. The bookcase TURNS BACKWARDS, HURLING FREDDY OUT, as if  
 from a revolving door.

## FREDDY

(probably from the bed)

Good girl.

FREDDY'S P.O.V. - INGA IS GONE!

40

## INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Put the candle back, Doctor.

Freddy picks up the candle and "touch taps" the bottom of the  
 sconce. The bookcase STOPS and STARTS in jerks until he has  
 it at a ninety degree angle, BRINGING INGA BACK into the  
 room and REVEALING A DARK, NARROW STAIRWAY.

## INGA

(looking at the  
stairway)

Doctor -- look!

## FREDDY

Whatever that music is -- it's coming  
 from down there. Give me that candle.

## INGA

Let me come with you, Doctor --  
 please! I don't want to stay up  
 here alone.

## FREDDY

All right, then, quietly. Close  
 your robe and stay right behind me.

They enter the secret passage.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

41

Freddy, holding the candle above them, follows the MUSIC down  
 a narrow, winding stairway. The source of the music gets  
 closer and closer as the candlelight leads them down, down,  
 down...their arms brushing against the cobwebbed walls.

Cont.

They pass a HUGE WOODEN DOOR with an iron barred window. Dead vines creep in from the outside. They walk down a few more steps.

QUICK CUT TO:

A RAT

42

staring at them.

They freeze.

The Rat scurries o.s.

Freddy and Inga continue down until they reach a landing with a door. Freddy takes hold of the doorknob.

IT CRUMBLES in his hand like dust.

He gently pushes against the steel door. It CREAKS slowly open. The violin MUSIC suddenly STOPS! Freddy and Inga enter:

INT. FOYER OF LABORATORY

43

They approach a shelf that is lined with SKULLS. The skulls can barely be seen until Freddy holds the candle to them.

THE 1ST SKULL

44

is completely decayed and shows only bone. Underneath the skull, A LABEL reads:

"11 MONTHS DEAD"

INGA

Uhhhhh!

Freddy holds the candle to:

THE 2ND LABEL. It reads:

"8 MONTHS DEAD"

THE SKULL ABOVE is 3/4's decayed. Some patches of skin still cling.

Freddy holds the candle to the 3RD LABEL. It reads:

"4 MONTHS DEAD"

THE SKULL ABOVE is half-decayed. One eyeball is still in its socket. A little hair is still left on the crown.

Cont.

Freddy holds the candle to the 4TH LABEL. It reads:

"FRESHLY DEAD"

Freddy moves the light to see the skull above. We SEE:

IGOR'S HEAD

45

his face screwed up into a grotesque mask of agony. It looks as if his head is on the shelf, but actually he is standing just behind it.

IGOR

Aiiiiiiiiiiii...

(breaks into song)

...ain't got no-body.

FREDDY

Ayegor!

IGOR

Froderick!

FREDDY

How did you get here?

IGOR

Through the dumbwaiter. I heard the strangest music in the upstairs kitchen and just followed it down.

INGA

There must have been someone else down here, then.

FREDDY

It seems that way. Aren't there any lights in this place?

IGOR

Two nasty looking switches over there, but I wasn't going to be the first.

They STEP DOWN a few steps.

INT. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY

46

Freddy throws the first switch. OPEN-ENDED ELECTRICAL CURRENTS SHOOT OUT ALL OVER. They cover their eyes

Freddy turns off the first switch and then throws the other one.

"NORMAL" LIGHTS GO ON.

Cont.

Now the Lab can be SEEN in all its old splendor, but thick in dust and spiders' webs.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE LABORATORY

47

INGA

(o.s.)

Oooh!

FREDDY

(o.s.)

So this is where it all happened.  
What a filthy mess.

IGOR

(o.s.)

I don't know -- a little paint,  
a few flowers.

The CAMERA returns to our Threesome.

FREDDY

Did you see anyone else down here?

IGOR

No, but when I first came in, there  
was a light coming from behind that  
door.

A HUGE DOOR is open a crack.

They all tiptoe to the door.

A SHADOW CAN BE SEEN DISAPPEARING quickly as we HEAR some  
footsteps running.

They all look at each other, then Freddy grabs the door and  
pulls it open.

BATS COME FLYING OUT, terrifying Inga.

They walk slowly into:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

48

By the light of Freddy's candle, they see a small, creepy  
room filled with musty books. There is a table in the center  
of the stone floor. On the table there is a large book, an  
ashtray with a smoldering cigar, and a VIOLIN AND BOW.

INGA

(seeing the violin)

Look, Doctor!

Cont.



FREDDY  
Well, this explains the music.

INGA  
But who was playing it?

FREDDY  
I don't know, but whoever it was  
barely finished putting out his  
cigar. It's still smoldering.  
(to Igor)  
Let me smell your breath.

Igor exhales in Freddy's face. Freddy nearly passes out.

IGOR  
Garlic toast.

FREDDY  
(looking around the room)  
What is this place?

IGOR  
Must be the music room.

INGA  
There's nothing but books and papers.

FREDDY  
I wonder...

He looks at the large book lying on the table. He puts his  
candle over the cover. A CRACK OF LIGHTNING as we SEE:

CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

49

"HOW I DID IT" BY VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

FREDDY  
It is! This was my grandfather's  
private library. Look at this!

IGOR  
(reading the cover)  
'How I did It.' Good title!  
Always sells.

FREDDY  
Funny it should just be lying out  
here on the table. I wonder what  
kind of alchemistic drivel this is?

Cont.

FREDDY (Cont.)

(opens to the first  
page; reading aloud)

'Whence, I often asked myself, did  
the principles of life proceed?  
To examine the causes of life...  
we must first have recourse to  
death.' God, what a madman.

A LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER. Freddy's candle almost blows out  
from a draft.

INGA

Oh, Doctor!

FREDDY

Perhaps we'd better leave.

IGOR

Taking the book along?

FREDDY

Yes, I think we could all use a  
good laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB

50

Freddy is convulsed with laughter.

FREDDY

The man was a raisin cake.

Inga and Igor stare passively. The three of them are  
drinking tea. More water is boiling in a glass beaker.

FREDDY

(realizing)

'...and as soon as the dazzling light  
vanished, the oak tree had  
disappeared. I knew then that  
electricity and galvanism had  
changed my life.' TOOT-Y-FRUTTI!

ANOTHER LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

As Freddy goes on reading, the CAMERA TRAVELS UP, UP, UP...  
THROUGH the giant laboratory...as if to seek the source of  
the THUNDER we HEAR:

Cont.

## FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'When I look back now, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous event obliterated any last effort to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars.'

MORE THUNDEF.

## FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He kills me! THIS GUY KILLS ME!

The CAMERA FINDS an opening in the ceiling -- an opening through which bodies might be elevated. THUNDER CLOUDS CAN BE SEEN as the CAMERA PASSES THROUGH the opening and into the night air.

Freddy's LAUGHTER is still HEARD from below. There is a GIANT CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING -- as if in reply to his mocking.

Now the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN. Time has passed and Freddy's voice is hoarse and more intense.

## FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'Until, from the midst of this darkness, a sudden light broke in upon me -- a light so brilliant and wondrous, and yet so simple!'

The CAMERA HAS REACHED Freddy. His eyes are burning; he reads almost feverishly. Inga and Igor are half-asleep. The candles are burned way down.

## FREDDY

(reading)

'Change the poles from plus to minus  
and from minus to plus!'

(howls insanely)

'I alone succeeded in discovering  
the cause of generation of life.'

(doubles over

in laughter)

'Nay, even more -- I, myself,  
became capable of bestowing  
animation upon lifeless matter.'

He laughs, he laughs, he laughs...then SMASHES his teacup against a wall.

Cont.

FREDDY

It could work!

A TUMULTUOUS CLAP OF THUNDER.

CUT TO:

IGOR'S FACE

51

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. He wears a quizzical smile.

CUT TO:

INGA'S FACE

52

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. She is frightened, yet in awe.

CUT TO:

FRAU BLUCHER'S FACE

53

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. She is SMOKING A CIGAR.

CUT TO:

PORTRAIT OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

54

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. He is smiling.

CUT TO:

BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN'S COFFIN

55

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. The lid of the coffin OPENS. We see:

THE SKELETON OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

56

BEAUFORT'S VOICE

(o.s.)  
OHHHH SHIT!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

57

A beautiful, sunlit morning. Birds are CHIRPING. The long dining table is bordered on one side by French windows and on the other by a large stone fireplace.

Freddy, Inga and Igor are having breakfast. Freddy, dressed in riding boots and tweed jacket with suede-patched elbows, is reading from the "great book." Inga eats and listens. Igor draws, as he listens, on a large drawing pad.

FREDDY

(reading)

'As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved to make the Creature of a gigantic stature.' Of course! That would simplify everything!

INGA

In other words, his veins, his feet, his hands, his organs... would all have to be increased in size.

FREDDY

Exactly!

INGA

He would have an enormous schwanzstucker.

FREDDY

That goes without saying.

IGOR

He's going to be very popular.

FREDDY

So then!

(throws his napkin  
onto the table in  
excitement)

What we're aiming for is a being approximately seven feet in height, with all features either congenitally or artificially proportionate in size.

Igor crosses to the fireplace and hooks his drawing pad over a protruding spike that holds a bellows.

IGOR

Something like this?

Freddy and Inga join Igor at the center of the fireplace to look at the drawing. They, and we, SEE a crude but impressive...

SKETCH OF THE "CREATURE"

58

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hullo!...You've caught something there. Crude -- yes! Primitive -- yes! Yet something tells me that this might...be...our...man. By thunder, the dogs have got the scent and the hunt is on! Quickly now! There's a storm coming up. We've not a moment to lose.

THUNDER

As we HEAR Freddy, Igor and Inga leave the room -- our eyes STILL ON THE SKETCH -- a spiral of wind gusts down the chimney and causes the drawing to MOVE, SWINGING SIDEWISE, back and forth, back and forth, as the wind from the approaching storm grows stronger.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BODY

59

swinging from a gibbet. Pull back to reveal:

EXT. PRISON GIBBET - A GRAY NIGHT

60

RAIN is falling. A freshly executed Body is swinging back and forth in the same rhythm as the drawing. A black hood covers its head. TWO GRAVE DIGGERS and a GUARD stand watching from below.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER

Look at him swinging.

2ND GRAVE DIGGER

(singing)

He's swing-ing in the rain...

The Guard cuffs the 2nd Grave Digger.

GUARD

Shut your filthy mouth...blasphemer!  
Let's not forget he had a mother.

Cont.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER  
Not this one. Ee 'ad no muver.  
(spits)  
Murderer!

GUARD  
Never mind that. Cut him down!  
It's a long, cold ride to the  
prison cemetery.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON CEMETERY - NIGHT

61

The rain has stopped. GUSTS OF WIND blow LEAVES across the tombstones. Through an iron gate, TWO DARK FIGURES peer through rails and watch the burial. (One of them has a hunched back.)

The Two Grave Diggers are just filling in the last dirt and patting it down.

GUARD  
That's good enough for the likes  
of him.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER  
Let's get out uv 'ere. This  
place gives me the creeps.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

FREDDY AND IGOR

62

knee-deep in the grave, shoveling the dirt out.

FREDDY  
What a filthy job!

IGOR  
Could be worse.

FREDDY  
How?

IGOR  
Could start raining again.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

IT POURS.

Freddy stares at Igor.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

63

Freddy and Igor are racing through the cobblestoned street, wheeling a cart. On the cart is a long, rectangular hulk, loosely covered by canvas.

Suddenly, they strike a bump and the COFFIN GOES SLIDING OFF.

AN ARM STICKS OUT from the coffin.

They pick up the coffin and place it back onto the cart. The "Arm" REMAINS OUT. Igor kneels down to pick up the fallen canvas.

FREDDY

(trying not to panic)

Hurry!...For God's sake, hurry!

VOICE

(o.s.)

NEED A HAND?

Freddy whips around and sees:

A CONSTABLE

64

Freddy, seeing that the "Arm" is sticking straight out towards the Constable, quickly tucks his own arm behind his back -- making it appear as if the "Arm" were coming out of his own right shoulder.

FREDDY

(politely)

No, thank you. I have one.  
Thanks all the same.

CONSTABLE

Just a minute, sir. I know everyone in this neighborhood, but I've never seen your face before. Can you account for yourself?

FREDDY

I am Dr. Frederick Fronkonsteen, newly arrived from America.

CONSTABLE

Oh, yes -- I was told you were here. Well...I'm Constable Henry, sir. Pleased to meet you.

Cont.



Constable Henry extends his hand for Freddy to shake. Freddy stamps twice with his foot as a signal to the still hidden Igor.

Igor -- in perfect time -- LIFTS THE "ARM" UP AND DOWN from its elbow so that it shakes hands with the Constable.

FREDDY

How very nice to meet you,  
Constable.

CONSTABLE

(feeling the "Hand")

Oh, you're chilled to the bone, sir.  
A nice warm fire is the thing for you.  
(lets go of the "Hand")  
A nip from the old bottle wouldn't  
be such a bad idea either, would it,  
sir?

FREDDY

Yes, yes. That's the ticket.

CONSTABLE

Well, if you have everything  
in hand, I'll say good-night  
to you.

FREDDY

Thank you very much.

CONSTABLE

(saluting)

At your service, sir. Always.

Freddy stamps his foot twice.

The "Arm" salutes.

CONSTABLE

Good-night, sir.

FREDDY

Good-night, Constable.

Freddy looks down at Igor.

In an ensemble moment, the Constable leaves, Igor opens the lid and throws the "Arm" back in, while Freddy covers the coffin with the canvas.

Igor and Freddy race the cart o.s.

DISSOLVE TO:

Freddy and Igor are just finishing putting a sheet over the Body, which rests on an operating table.

FREDDY

Magnificent! Oh, what an awesome sight. With such a specimen for a body -- all we need now is an equally magnificent brain.

(preparing a hypodermic)

You know what to do!?

IGOR

I have a pretty good idea.

Igor glances at the Movie Audience for a moment.

FREDDY

You have the name I wrote down?

IGOR

(looking at the cuff of his sleeve)

Dr. H. Delbruck.

FREDDY

I want that brain.

IGOR

Was he any good?

FREDDY

Was he any good??? He was the finest natural philosopher, internal diagnostician and chemical therapist of this century.

IGOR

How did he die?

FREDDY

(sadly lowering his head)

V.D.

Cont.

IGOR

Bad break.

FREDDY

But I'm sure his brain is  
still capable of functioning.

IGOR

But are you sure it's still  
in the depositary?

FREDDY

He died only two weeks ago --  
I'm positive they'll have it  
preserved. Hurry now! I'll  
prepare the body.

Igor starts to leave. Freddy grabs Igor's right hand.

FREDDY

Be very careful with that  
brain.

IGOR

(looking at the hand  
that Freddy holds up)  
You can put your trust in  
this hand.

Freddy lets go of Igor's hand and Igor walks away, KNOCKING  
OVER A GLASS BEAKER WITH HIS RIGHT HAND.

Igor quickly holds up his other hand.

IGOR

This one.

Igor is gone.

FREDDY

(preparing the Creature's  
arm for injection)  
Dare I bring such a monstrous  
creature back to life? What  
havoc might I wreak upon this  
unsuspecting world. Well...  
(slaps his hands  
together)  
...we'll take a chance!

Freddy begins to inject the Arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON A HOSPITAL DOOR

66

The upper half of the door is made of glass. On the glass is printed:

B R A I N   D E P O S I T A R Y

AFTER 5:00 P.M. SLIP BRAINS

THROUGH SLOT IN DOOR

The SHADOW of a Man, holding a lantern, can be SEEN silhouetted from inside the Depositary. The Shadow has a large hump on his back.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPOSITARY - NIGHT

67

LOW THUNDER

A row of brains in jars, under domes, rests on a long, narrow table.

Igor tiptoes slowly, examining the labels on each glass dome.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS	CORNELIUS AGRIPPA	LAWRENCE TALBOT
(Physicist)	(Natural Philosopher)	(Hematologist)

Then he comes to:

HANS DELBRUCK  
(Scientist & Saint)

Igor approaches the glass dome, lifts it off, and takes the jar containing the brain of Hans Delbruck.

As he turns to go, he SEES HIMSELF in a full length mirror. He drops the jar in fright.

He looks down and sees the gooky mess of brain and glass.

He looks at the Movie Audience.

IGOR  
Funny thing is....I tried!

He looks quickly at the "Brain Table," grabs a jar from under the glass dome nearest to him and leaves.

On the glass dome -- whose contents Igor has just taken -- is printed:

DO NOT USE THIS BRAIN!

"ABNORMAL"

CUT TO:

## THE SKY

An electrical storm is building in the distance.

Pointed towards the sky, the CAMERA now TRAVELS DOWN, THROUGH A SMALL OPENING at the top of the Laboratory's ceiling. As it CONTINUES DOWN, we HEAR: ELECTRICITY SPARKING, CENTRIFUGES WHIRRING, WHEELS BUZZING, CHEMICALS in beakers BUBBLING.

Now the CAMERA DRIFTS PAST archaic scientific equipment and COMES TO REST on a giant PAIR OF SHOES with iron soles.

We move slowly up two enormous legs -- held down by leather straps to the operating table.

The giant torso is similarly strapped.

At last we see -- for the first time:

## THE CREATURE'S FACE

There are stitches across his neck and stitches circling the crown of his skull where the new brain has been inserted.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)  
He's hideous.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)  
He's beautiful.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Freddy and Inga standing over the Monster. Freddy is wearing a long, white surgeon's gown and surgeon's mask.

FREDDY

...and he is mine.  
(looks up and shouts)  
READY??

CUT TO:

## EXT. ROOF

Igor stands on the roof, flying two kites. He is wearing rubber boots, rubber gloves and a rubber whaler's coat and hat.

IGOR

You're sure this is how they did it?

FREDDY

Yes, yes! It's all written down  
in the notes. Now tie off the  
kites, release the chains,  
and come down as fast as you can.

IGOR

What's the hurry?

FREDDY

There's the possibility of  
electrocution. Do you understand?

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

71

FREDDY

I say -- DO YOU UNDERSTAND???

Igor appears, standing right behind him.

IGOR

I understand, I understand --  
why are you shouting?

FREDDY

(a little confused)  
Did you tie off the kites?

IGOR

Of course.

FREDDY

All right, good! Check the  
generator.

Igor walks over to the generator.

Freddy checks the dials of a "Battery Indicator" which is  
connected to the Monster's head.

FREDDY

Can you imagine that brain  
in this body?

EXTREME CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S HAND

72

Inga's hand comes into FRAME and touches it.

## EXTREME CLOSEUP - THEIR EYES

INGA

Oh, Frederick...you're not only  
a great doctor, you're a great...  
you're almost a...

FREDDY

A god??

INGA

Yes.

FREDDY

I know.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

FREDDY

This is the moment! All right...  
ELEVATE ME!

INGA

Now? Right here??

FREDDY

Yes! Raise the platform, hurry.

INGA

Oh! Yes, doctor.

Inga goes over to Igor and, together, they turn a giant  
wheel. The platform, with Freddy and the Creature on it,  
RISES towards the opening in the ceiling.

FREDDY

(as he is going up)

From that fateful day when stinking  
bits of slime first crawled from  
the sea and shouted to the cold  
stars: 'I - AM - MAN!' -- our  
greatest dread has always been  
the knowledge of our own mortality.  
But tonight we shall hurl the  
gauntlet of science into the  
frightful face of death. Tonight  
we shall ascend into the Heavens;  
we shall mock the earthquake; we  
shall command the thunders and  
penetrate into the very womb of  
impervious nature herself.

IGOR

You're sure we can get this  
all done tonight?

Cont.

FREDDY

Yes! When I give the word --  
throw the first switch!

IGOR

You've got it, master.

The platform rises higher and higher. The ceiling opens  
to its fullest. RAIN starts to come down on Freddy.

FREDDY

Get ready!

The platform nears the opening.

FREDDY

Get set!

The platform rises through the opening and then stops.  
Now Freddy is out in the open air, on the roof.

EXT. ROOF

74

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING and a CRACK OF THUNDER.

FREDDY

GO!

INT. LABORATORY

75

Igor throws the first switch.

SPARKS and CURRENTS fly.

CUT TO:



56

THE CREATURE'S FACE 76

LIGHTNING illuminates its frozen image.

Freddy is getting drenched. He checks the "battery indicator."

FREDDY  
Throw the second switch!

INT. LABORATORY 77

IGOR  
(throwing the switch)  
This guy means business.

EXT. ROOF 78

More THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

The CREATURE'S EYELIDS are still closed. A few twitches course through its body.

FREDDY  
Throw the third switch!

INT. LABORATORY 79

IGOR  
Not the third switch???

EXT. ROOF 80

FREDDY  
(drenched to the skin)  
THROW IT, I SAY! THROW IT!

INT. LABORATORY 81

Igor puts his hands on a switch marked:

"THE WORKS"

He throws the switch.

The Laboratory is an electrical circus.

IGOR AND INGA 82

shield their eyes from the blinding lights.

EXT. ROOF 83

FREDDY  
LIFE! LIFE, DO YOU HEAR ME?  
GIVE -- MY -- CREATION -- LIFE!

## THE CREATURE'S FACE

FIVE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING. "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM!" With each bolt, the Creature GLOWS -- as if from inside.

FREDDY

All right -- turn everything off  
and bring me down!

## INT. LABORATORY

Inga turns the giant wheel the other way.

Igor throws back the three switches.

## THE LIGHTS RETURN TO NORMAL.

Inga and Igor watch Freddy and the platform descend. Black wisps of smoke rise up from the Creature's body. When the platform reaches the floor, ALL EYES ARE ON THE "BODY."

Freddy, soaked to the skin, places a stethoscope on the Creature's heart and listens.

FREDDY

Nothing!

INGA

Oh, Doctor.

FREDDY

(crushed)

No, no. Be of good cheer! If science teaches us anything, it teaches us to accept our failures as well as our successes, with quiet dignity and grace.

He looks once more, sadly, at the lifeless Body. Then grabs it by the throat and begins shaking it.

FREDDY

SON OF A BITCH BASTARD -- WHAT  
DID YOU DO TO ME?

INGA

Doctor! Doctor! Stop! You'll  
kill him.

Inga and Igor drag Freddy OFF.

FREDDY

I don't want to live -- do you  
hear me? I DO NOT WANT TO LIVE!

IGOR

(as he passes  
the camera)

Quiet dignity and grace!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT

86

The "Meeting Hall" is actually a children's classroom. One row of ELDERS -- most of them asleep -- sit on a high bench, facing a room filled with little desk and chair combinations, at which sit VILLAGERS. The Elders wear "Elders Hats" with tassels. Whenever a Villager wishes to speak, he raises his hand for permission.

A heated argument is in progress.

1ST ELDER

BULL SHEISE!

1ST VILLAGER

But it's true, sir. They're doing it again.

1ST ELDER

Vicious rumors and superstition! I will not have the townspeople getting all their old fears aroused because one or two of you 'thought' he saw or 'thought' he heard. Damn it, man -- we'll have a riot on our hands.

The 2ND VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

1ST ELDER

Yes, Karl?

2ND VILLAGER

(rising)

Well, sir -- I'm not superstitious and I'm not given to vague fears. But on my way home last night I saw what used to be the old laboratory fairly bursting with flashing lights and electrical sparks, going every which way.

Cont.

2ND ELDER  
(the only other Elder  
who seems to be awake)  
Poppycock!

2ND VILLAGER  
It weren't poppycock, sir. It were  
real. William here was walking right  
beside me and he saw it, too.

1ST ELDER  
Is this true?

The 3RD VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

The 1ST ELDER nods his permission for 3rd Villager to speak.

3RD VILLAGER  
(rising)  
Yes, sir -- it's just as Karl here  
says. It were real enough...as  
real as you and me.

2ND ELDER  
OH TOSH! This man is different,  
I tell you. You can see that just  
by talking with him for five minutes.

1ST VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

1ST ELDER nods his permission.

1ST VILLAGER  
(rising)  
He's a Frankenstein, sir. And  
they're all the same. It's in the  
blood, sir. They can't help it.  
All these scientists is alike...  
they say they're working for us,  
but what they really want is to  
rule the world!

2ND AND 3RD VILLAGER  
Aye! That's right!

1ST ELDER  
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH! I will not allow  
this meeting to become a free-for-all.  
These are very serious charges you're  
making. All the more painful to us  
-- your Elders -- because we still have  
nightmares from five times before. We  
haven't heard from the one man here  
most qualified to judge this situation

1ST ELDER (Cont.)

fairly. He, more than any of us, has learned, through personal misfortune, to remain calm and objective in his quiet but constant pursuit of Justice. INSPECTOR KEMP... would you speak to us please?

INSPECTOR KEMP sits in his chair at the back of the room, next to a pot belly stove. His arms are folded. An unlit cigarette dangles from his cigarette holder.

He calmly uncrosses his right WOODEN ARM, sticks one finger INTO the stove until it catches fire, then lights his cigarette with his burning finger. He calmly dunks his burning finger into a beer stein. It "HISSSSSSSS" out.

INSPECTOR KEMP

A riot is an ugly thing. And once you get one started...there's little chance of stopping it, short of bloodshed. Before we go running about killing people, we'd better make damned sure of our facts.

Various GROANS from the Villagers.

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN on Kemp's face during the following.

INSPECTOR KEMP

I think what's in order, is for me to pay a visit on our good doctor, and have a nice quiet chat.

2ND VILLAGER

But, sir -- meanin' no disrespect, sir -- but what if, durin' the course a your 'lil chat, you should find out that we was right all along? What would we do then?

INSPECTOR KEMP

Kill him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

87

Freddy, Inga and Igor sit at a long dining room table, set with food and wine. Freddy stares into space.

Cont.

FREDDY  
Reputation. Reputation!

INGA  
Oh, doctor...you mustn't do  
this! You've got to stop  
thinking about it. Why look!  
...You haven't even touched  
your food.

Freddy lays his hand on top of his food.

FREDDY  
There! Now I've touched it...  
happy? That's Hans Delbruck  
lying there -- don't you  
understand? That's not just  
any Tom, Dick or Harry --  
that's Hans!

Freddy lays his head down on the table.

INGA  
But, Frederick...what more could  
you have done?

FREDDY  
I don't know. I don't know.

IGOR  
I'll never forget my ol'  
Dad when these things used  
to happen to him -- the things  
he'd say to me.

FREDDY  
(looking up)  
What did he say?

IGOR  
'What the hell are you doing in  
that bathroom night and day?  
Get outta there -- give  
someone else a chance!'

FREDDY  
Oh maybe it's better this  
way. That poor, grotesque hulk...  
maybe it is better off dead.

CUT TO:

88

89

CUT TO:

90

What is this?

Schwarzwälder Kirschtorte.

(to Igor)

Oh, do you like it? I'm not partial to desserts, but this is excellent.

Who are you talking to?

To you! You just made a 'yummy' sound, so I thought you liked the dessert.

I didn't make a 'yummy' sound -- I just asked what it was.

But you did! -- I just heard it.

It wasn't me.

It wasn't me.

343





FREDDY

It wants to talk. It wants us  
to take off the straps. It  
wants to be free.

IGOR

It wants! It wants! It's  
always 'it wants.' What about  
'we' wants?

FREDDY

But don't you see?...The brain of  
Hans Delbruck is inside that body  
-- pleading with us. I've got  
to release that brain.

IGOR

Okay, release it! Just keep  
the body tied down.

FREDDY

...Stand back!

Freddy carefully walks up to the Monster and stands over him.  
The Monster is silent, feeling his way.

FREDDY

Hello there.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

FREDDY

How's everything?

MONSTER

(just a suggestion of  
"not so good")

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

FREDDY

I'm going to untie you -- can  
you understand that?

MONSTER

(a soft, "crying"  
sound)

MMMMMMMM! MMMMMMM!

Cont.

Yes, I'm going to set you free.  
(to Inga)  
Is the sedative ready?

Yes, Doctor.

(a low, suspicious  
groan)

(holding out his hands)

(whispering, as she  
backs away)

(to the Monster)

Cont.

FREDDY

Quick, give him the --

The Monster tightens his hands, Freddy can't make a sound.

IGOR

WHAT? GIVE HIM THE WHAT??

Freddy points desperately to the Monster's arm.

IGOR

Arm! Give him the Arm!

Freddy shakes his head "no." He pushes his thumb against his two forefingers -- miming the giving of an injection.

IGOR

Give him a cigarette?!

Freddy shakes his head "no" and holds up three fingers.

IGOR

Three syllables!

Freddy nods "yes." He holds up one finger.

IGOR

First syllable.

Freddy cups his hand to his ear.

IGOR

Sounds like...

Freddy points to his head.

INGA

Head!

Freddy nods "yes."

INGA

Sounds like 'head.' Said??

Freddy nods "yes," jubilantly.

INGA AND IGOR

Said!

Freddy holds up two fingers.

Cont.

INGA

Second syllable!

Freddy mimes "tiny" with his fingers.

INGA

Little word!

Freddy nods "yes."

INGA

The?

Freddy shakes his head "no."

IGOR

A?

Freddy touches his nose.

IGOR

'On the nose.' Said -- a -- ...

INGA

Said -- a...

IGOR

DIRTY WORD! He said a dirty word!?

Freddy shakes his head "no" and cups his hand to his ear.

INGA AND IGOR

Sounds like...

Freddy mimes "give."

INGA

GIVE?

Freddy nods "yes" furiously.

IGOR

SAID -- A -- GIVE!?? Give him  
a 'said-a-give!'

Freddy shakes his head "no."

INGA

'TIVE!' SEDATIVE!

Freddy weakly points to his nose.

Cont.

IGOR

On the nosey.

Inga runs to the table and gets the hypodermic. Then runs back and jams it into the Monster's tush.

The Monster's eyes FREEZE. Then he looks at each of them... his hands still clutching Freddy's neck. Then he COLLAPSES like a giant tree.

INGA

(rushing to the  
half-conscious Freddy)  
Frederick...are you all right??

FREDDY

(to Igor)  
May I speak to you for a moment?

IGOR

Of course.

FREDDY

Now I promise you I won't be  
angry. All I ask for...is the  
truth. Is that fair?

IGOR

Why certainly.

FREDDY

That brain that you gave me...  
was it Hans Delbruck's?

IGOR

...Not exactly?

FREDDY

(holding back his rage)  
Could you be more specific?

IGOR

Well, if push came to shove...I  
would have to say...no!

FREDDY

Ah! Would you mind telling me...  
whose brain I did put in?

IGOR

And you won't be angry?

FREDDY

I won't be angry.

IGOR  
Abbey someone.

FREDDY  
Abbey?? Abbey who?

IGOR  
Abbey normal.

FREDDY  
ABBEY NORMAL???

IGOR  
I'm almost sure that was the  
name.

FREDDY  
(grabbing Igor's throat)  
I put -- an abnormal brain -- into  
a seven-and-a-half foot long,  
forty-four inch wide GORILLA??

IGOR  
Quick, give him the...

Freddy's hands tighten around Igor's neck. There is a:  
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

FREDDY  
Who could that be at this  
hour?

IGOR  
I'm glad he didn't get angry.  
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

FREDDY  
Inga! -- Quick! See who that  
is.

Inga starts for the stairs.

FREDDY  
(to Igor)  
Put this 'Thing' back on the  
table. And strap him down --  
tightly!

Freddy starts off.

IGOR  
Where are you going?

FREDDY  
To wash up! I've got to look  
normal. We've all of us...got  
to behave normally.

IGOR  
(as he prepares to lift  
the Monster)  
He always takes the toughest job.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL. - NIGHT

92

Inga is opening the front door. Inspector Kemp stands in the doorway.

KEMP

Is the doctor at home, please?

INGA

...Well...he is, but...

Freddy approaches from the stairway, in smoking jacket and pipe.

FREDDY

Is that for me, Inga?

INGA

Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor. This gentleman insists upon talking with you.

FREDDY

That's all right, dear. You go to bed now.

INGA

Good night, Doctor.

FREDDY

Good night.

Inga leaves.

FREDDY

I am Dr. Baron Frederick von Fronkonsteen, and I am a very normal man. I mean, I'm a very...tired man, normally, so please be brief.

KEMP

(saluting with his wooden arm)  
Horace Wilhelm Friedrich Kemp...  
Inspector of Police.

Cont.

FREDDY

...Come in, Horace! Please!  
Don't be a stranger.

KEMP

Thank you.

He lowers his arm, with the help of his other hand.

FREDDY

War wound?

KEMP

No, it was ripped out of its socket  
by the fiendish monster your  
grandfather created when I was a  
child. I thought we might have  
a little chat.

FREDDY

Of course! What a pleasant  
surprise. Won't you step into  
my study?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

93

A fire is blazing, and a dartboard hangs against one wall.  
A silver tray with a decanter of port and two glasses rests  
on a nearby table.

Freddy vehemently throws five darts:

ALL BULL'S-EYES

94

FREDDY

HA! Monsters! This is the  
twentieth century, Kemp. Monsters  
are passe -- like ghosts and  
goblins.

Freddy pours himself "another drink." Kemp goes to the  
dartboard and pulls out Freddy's darts..

KEMP

Not to the good people of this  
village, Herr Doctor. To them...

He jabs all of the darts into his wooden arm, as a holder.

KEMP

...he is a very real thing.

He walks back into throwing position.

Cont.



KEMP

...especially when there is a  
Frankenstein residing in this castle.

He throws:

NOT TOO WELL. NOWHERE NEAR THE BULL'S-EYE.

FREDDY

(pulling Kemp's  
darts out)

I wouldn't think an intelligent  
fellow like you would fall for  
all this superstitious rot.

He walks back and prepares to throw.

KEMP

It's not superstition that  
worries me, Doctor. It's genes  
and chromosomes.

His first dart misses the board and sticks into a LAMP SHADE.

FREDDY

Rubbish!

KEMP

Well you might say. But this is  
Transylvania and you are a  
Frankenstein.

On "Transylvania" and "Frankenstein," Freddy's second and  
third darts CRASH THROUGH TWO DIFFERENT WINDOWS.

KEMP

You seem unusually upset by  
this discussion.

FREDDY

Not in the least.

His fourth dart CRASHES THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW.

FREDDY

I find it extremely amusing,  
that's all.

His fifth dart CRASHES THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW.

FREDDY

Well -- this was fun! And now,  
if you don't mind, Inspector,  
I'm a little tired.

Cont.

Freddy refills his glass.

KEMP

(starting for the door)

Then I may give the villagers your  
complete assurance that you have  
no interest whatsoever in carrying  
on in your grandfather's footsteps.

From deep within the castle, we HEAR: "MMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm."

KEMP

(turning back)

May I take that for a 'yes?'

FREDDY

(nodding yes)

MMMMmmmm.

KEMP

Very well.

Freddy drains his glass of port. Then he picks up another  
set of darts and begins throwing, passionately.

FREDDY

I think you can find the way out  
by yourself, can't you?

KEMP

(at the door)

Of course! Until we meet again  
...Baron.

FREDDY

(still throwing)

Yes, drop by anytime. We're  
always open.

Kemp leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

95

Inspector Kemp gets into the back seat of an old car. The  
door is held open by a uniformed CHAUFFEUR.

The Chauffeur closes the door for Kemp and then gets into the  
driver's seat.

The CAR STARTS OFF and quietly crawls away on FOUR FLAT TIRES:  
a dart in each one.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Frau Blucher is leaning over the Monster, who is strapped to the operating table.

The Monster's eyes are closed.

FRAU BLUCHER  
What have they done to you?  
What have they done to you?  
That's all over now...I'm going  
to set you free.

The Monster's eyes OPEN.

FRAU BLUCHER  
Yes, my suesser kopf -- free!  
Would you like that?

The Monster nods a quiet "yes."

FRAU BLUCHER  
Of course you would.

She starts to undo the leg straps.

FRAU BLUCHER  
They just wanted to hurt you.  
But I'm going to help you.

The legs are FREE.

She starts to undo the waist straps.

The waist is free.

She starts to undo the arm straps. Suddenly we HEAR: PEOPLE  
RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS.

Freddy, Inga and Igor APPEAR.

FREDDY  
Frau Blucher!!

The SOUND of HORSES REARING.

FRAU BLUCHER  
Get back! Don't come near him!

FREDDY  
What are you doing?

Cont.

FRAU BLUCHER  
I'm setting him free.

INGA  
No, no -- you mustn't!

FREDDY  
Are you crazy?...He'll kill  
you.

FRAU BLUCHER  
No he won't. He's as gentle as  
a lamb.

The Monster rips out of the arm straps.

MONSTER  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

FREDDY --  
Get back! For the love of God --  
get back!

The Monster starts for Frau Blucher, menacingly.

FRAU BLUCHER  
I'm not afraid.

She grabs a VIOLIN AND BOW that were resting out of sight.

FRAU BLUCHER  
I know what he likes.

She begins to PLAY: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

The Monster STOPS in his tracks.

INGA  
Doctor! There's that strange  
music again.

MONSTER  
(soft cries)  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMM!

Cont.

IGOR

It seems to have stopped the big  
fellow in his tracks.

FREDDY

(holding his  
temples)

That music...

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes...?

The Monster follows Frau Blucher as she plays and BACKS HER  
WAY up to the stairs. Inga and Igor keep their distance.

FREDDY

That strange, quaintly atonal  
folk tune...

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes...it's in your blood.  
It's in the blood of all  
Frankensteins. It reaches the  
soul, when words are useless.  
Your grandfather used to play  
it to the creature he was making.

MONSTER

(pathetically)

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM. MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

FREDDY

Then it was you, all the time?

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes.

FREDDY

You played that music in the  
middle of the night!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes!

FREDDY

...To get us into the Laboratory!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes!

FREDDY

That was your cigar smoldering  
in the ashtray!

Cont.





FREDDY

(to Igor)

We've got to find him -- do you hear me? We must find him before he kills someone.

FRAU BLÜCHER

You'll never catch him now.

FREDDY

CURSE THIS HOUSE!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

FRAU BLUCHER

He's free!

FREDDY

CURSE THE DAY I EVER CAME HERE!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

Igor pulls out a fold-up umbrella and holds it over Freddy, Inga and himself.

FRAU BLUCHER

My boy is free!

FREDDY

AND CURSE THE NAME OF FRANKENSTEIN!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

FRAU BLUCHER

Freeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S FEET - DAY

98

trudging through THE WOODS.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S HANDS

99

CUT TO:

EXT. A WELL - DUSK

100

A LITTLE GIRL, with an angel's face, sits on the edge of a well, humming to herself. She has a small rag doll under her arm and she is throwing flower petals into the well.

CUT TO:





EXT. THE WELL - DUSK

103

The Monster and Heidi are sitting on the edge of the well. Heidi plucks a petal from a flower and throws it down the well. She throws kisses to it.

HEIDI  
(to the petal)  
'Bye-bye! 'Bye-bye!

She holds the flower up to the Monster. He plucks a petal and throws it down the well.

HEIDI  
Now throw a kiss!

The Monster throws a crude kiss.

HEIDI  
Now say 'bye-bye'!

MONSTER  
Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmm!

HEIDI  
Oh dear!...No more petals on my pretty little flower. What shall we throw in now?

The Monster RISES, PICKS UP HEIDI, and RAISES HER SLOWLY into the air...above the opening of the well.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HEIDI'S COTTAGE - DUSK

104

The Father comes running in, perspired and out of breath.

FATHER  
I've searched everywhere...all of our neighbors...no one has seen her. You're sure she's not upstairs?...Maybe she was in da bathroom when you looked!?

MOTHER  
But I didn't look upstairs! I thought you did.

FATHER  
You didn't look...

They both dash to the stairway.

CUT BACK TO:

HEIDI - HELD UP IN THE AIR

82

105

The Monster makes one big dropping motion and SETS HER DOWN ON:

EXT. A TEETER TOTTER

106

HEIDI  
(pointing to the  
other end)  
Now you sit down!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

107

The Mother and Father are running up the stairs.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. TEETER TOTTER

108

The Monster sits and Heidi FLIES OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

109

The Mother and Father reach for the doorknob to Heidi's room.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - HEIDI'S BEDROOM

110

Heidi comes SAILING THROUGH HER BEDROOM WINDOW and LANDS IN BED.

She is immediately sleepy and pulls the covers over herself.

Her bedroom door flings open and Heidi's Father and Mother SEE:

HEIDI

111

asleep in bed.

MOTHER  
Dumbkoff...and you were worried.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLINDMAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

112

A fire gives the cottage a shadowy glow. As the CAMERA PANS across the humble objects of a poor man's home, the SOUND of "AVE MARIA" fills the room with inspiration.

The CAMERA COMES TO REST upon a saintly, bearded old  
BLINDMAN, kneeling in prayer.

BLINDMAN

A visitor is all I ask...a temporary  
companion...just to help me pass a  
few short hours of my lonely life.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. There stands the Monster -- angry!

MONSTER

UNNGHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

(to God)

Oh...thank you!

He gets up excitedly and takes the needle OFF of the RECORD  
he uses as background music for his prayers.

He grabs a cane and hurriedly feels his way to the door.

BLINDMAN

(to the Monster, who

is about to strangle him)

Don't speak! Don't say a word!

Just let me touch you, let me feel  
you, let me hold you, let me smell  
you -- my joy, my happiness, my  
prize from Heaven.

(feeling the size of  
the Monster's hand)

Oh my -- you must have been the  
tallest one in your class. My  
name is Herald and I live here  
all alone. What is your name?

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMM.

BLINDMAN

I'm sorry -- I didn't get that.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

BLINDMAN

Oh! -- forgive me! I didn't  
realize you were mute. Look  
how Heaven plans: me, a poor  
blindman, and you, a... a...  
an incredibly big mute. But your  
hands are frozen, my poor child.

You must be cold and hungry. How does a cozy fire, a bottle of wine and some nice hot soup sound to you?

(bewildered, but pleased)

BLINDMAN

The Blindman shuts the door and leads the Monster to a crude table. On the table rests a LIT CANDLE, a soup spoon, an old wooden cup with handle, and a napkin.

You make yourself comfortable over here by the table and I'll get you your soup. I haven't had company for such a long time -- I'm a little nervous.

You'll find a soup bowl just there...

BLINDMAN

He is hitting the Monster's head instead of the shelf.

Your spoon and cup are already  
on the table.

BLINDMAN

On "salt" he cracks the Monster's other ear.

Same place -- next to the soup  
bowls.

Oh what a fun night this is going to be!

343

The Blindman goes to a large pot of soup, simmering over the fire, and lifts it by its half-moon wire handle.

BLINDMAN

(as he brings the pot  
to the table and sets  
it down)

Oooh, this is hot, hot, hot. Just  
the thing to take the chill out of  
that cold, hungry tummy.

He goes back towards the fireplace and gets a bottle of  
wine, a wooden cup and a soup ladle.

BLINDMAN

I know what it's like to be  
hungry and cold. And how much  
a little kindness from a stranger  
can mean.

(sets his cane, bottle  
and cup on the table)

Especially when you're all alone  
in the world.

(reaches out for the  
Monster)

Now!...where are you? Why -- you're  
still standing! Sit down, my boy!  
Don't wait for me. Are you ready  
for some soup?

MONSTER

MMMMMMMM.

He puts his hand on the Monster's shoulder, and, with his  
other hand, he stirs the soup with the ladle. STEAM RISES.

BLINDMAN

Hold out your bowl now.

The Monster, who is now seated, holds out his bowl to receive  
the soup.

BLINDMAN

Oh, my friend...

The Blindman ladles the burning soup between the Monster's  
outstretched bowl and his stomach, so that it falls on his  
lap.

(as he is ladling)

...if you only knew what your visit means to me. How long I've waited for the pleasure of another human being, the sound of good conversation across a dinner table. We forget, in our preoccupation with worldly matters, that it is these simple pleasures that are the basis of true happiness. Don't you agree with me, my friend?

**mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm . Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm .**

I knew it! Oh, I knew you would.  
Now then! A little wine with your  
soup.

Yes, yes, my boy. You're thirsty --  
I know. There now!

WAIT! A toast! 'To a long  
friendship!'

**M M M m m m m m m m .    M M m m m m m m m m    --    m m m m m m m m m m m m .**

34.

BLINDMAN

Oh my, yes. Wine is good, isn't it? How hungry you must have been. Well -- I have something special for you tonight. A little treat that I've been saving for just the right occasion. CIGARS!

(produces two cigars from a pocket)

Here you are, my friend. Now we can have a nice smoke and a quiet little chat.

The Blindman lights his own cigar with the burning candle.  
The Monster becomes alarmed at the use of fire.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

What? What is it, my friend?

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

The fire? Oh no -- you mustn't be afraid of fire. Fire is good!

MONSTER

(not believing it)

MMMMMMMM -- mmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

Yes, it is. Fire is our friend. You see?

(lighting his own cigar again, slowly)

There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll show you. Take your cigar!

The Monster holds his cigar in his fist, cautiously.

BLINDMAN

Do you have it?

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMM.

BLINDMAN

Let me see.

(reaches out and takes the Monster's extended thumb)

Yes...that's it. Now --



BLINDMAN (Cont.)

(lights the Monster's  
thumb)

Don't inhale until the tip  
glows.

MONSTER

(it almost sounds like  
"WOW")

MMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOXGHWWWWWWWW!

The Monster BURSTS THROUGH THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BLINDMAN

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WAIT!!  
I WAS GOING TO MAKE ESPRESSO!!

The Blindman puts down his cigar and sadly goes over to his  
phonograph. He places the needle on his record.

MUSIC

"AVE MARIA"

BLINDMAN

(kneeling in prayer)

A visitor is all I ask...a  
temporary companion...just to  
help me pass a few short hours of  
my lonely life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

113

A half-pint highwayman, JACK SPRAT, is preparing to mug the  
next stranger.

JACK SPRAT

'Ere I stand -- Jack Sprat --  
'ighwayman extraordinaire -- ready  
for a night of evil deeds and wicked  
purpose. AH! 'Ere comes anuver  
unsuspecting wictim.

He steps out and jabs his pistol into a solid hulk.

JACK SPRAT

Your money or your life!

Cont.

He LOOKS UP and sees:

The Monster, at what seems like twenty feet above him.

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat can make a deal wif  
any man.

The Monster takes Sprat's pistol and crushes it like silly  
putty.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

JACK SPRAT

I see you're one of us.

MONSTER

(angry)  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

JACK SPRAT

Wha d'ya want...my money?

He slips out a money bag and hands it to the Monster. The  
Monster slaps it aside.

MONSTER

(more angry)  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

JACK SPRAT

Awright -- I see your point. Let's  
make it my life.

The Monster WHACKS him out of the way and WALKS OFF.

JACK SPRAT

(on the ground)  
I've got to get glasses. I've  
gotta see these people.

CUT TO:

A TWENTY FOOT SHADOW

114

walking.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

115

The Monster continues walking, angry. Suddenly, he HEARS the  
TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

Cont. •

115 Cont.

He stops, confused, and looks for the source. At the end of the street, under an eerie street lamp, he sees:

A bent and bearded STREET BEGGAR, playing his fiddle on the lonely FOGGY street.

The Monster walks closer and closer. We cannot see the Beggar's face. The Monster approaches him.

MONSTER  
(soft, pathetic cries)  
MMMMmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm!

The Beggar doesn't move. The Monster comes even closer.

FREDDY (THE STREET BEGGAR)  
NOW!

A huge net is DROPPED from the TOP OF THE STREET LAMP (hidden by fog). It FALLS OVER the Monster.

MONSTER  
(struggling)  
MMMMMMMMMMGHJKHMMMMmmmmHmmmMMMMMMMMMMGHGHGH!

FREDDY  
Help me!

Igor and Inga SLIDE DOWN from the top of the street lamp and assist Freddy.

FREDDY  
Quick!...the sedative!

Inga hands Freddy a hypodermic as Igor and Freddy wrestle with the Monster. Freddy jabs it into the Monster.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S FACE 116

Monster's P.O.V. of Freddy, Inga and Igor...GETTING HAZY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT 117

Freddy, Inga and Igor are standing next to the door to the Private Library.

FREDDY  
We all know what has to be done?

INGA  
Oh, Doctor...

IGOR  
Lots of matches, right, boss? Cont.

FREDDY

No...it's too late for that. No  
sense kidding ourselves any longer...  
we've got to kill him.

FRAU BLUCHEF APPEARING SUDDENLY.

118

FRAU BLUCHER

NO.

FREDDY

YES.

Frau Blucher reveals a pistol, and points it at Freddy.

FRAU BLUCHER

NO!!

FREDDY

...Well maybe I'm being too  
hasty. But what else can we do?

FRAU BLUCHER

You can be...a doctor.  
You can be...a SCIENTIST.  
You can be...A FRANKENSTEIN!!!

FREDDY

Are you trying to shame me?...Because  
I wanted to spare this poor, dumb  
creature any more pain and suffering?

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes! -- I'm trying to shame you. Your  
grandfather had the same problems you  
have. Don't you think he felt what  
you feel now? But he had a vision of  
something greater. Beyond failure!  
Beyond ridicule!! Beyond pain!!! The  
RE-CREATION OF L I F E!

All eyes on:

FREDDY

119

FREDDY

(to Igor)

Get me the file...of that abnormal  
brain.

Frau Blucher SMILES.

FADE OUT



FREDDY

(still reading)

'In other words: one wrong  
word and he may go bananas.'

(looks up)

...convinced that he is unloved...  
...convinced that he is unloved...

IGOR

You think that's the key phrase,  
boss?

FREDDY

...convinced that he is unloved...!

INGA

Oh, doctor...do you think that's  
really it?

FREDDY

If I could...transform that  
uncoordinated, uncontrollable,  
simple-celled paleolithic hulk,  
into a talented, cultured,  
well-mannered gentleman...

INGA

Oh, doctor...do you think you  
can do it?

FREDDY

Give me that candle!

INGA AND IGOR

No!

FRAU BLUCHER

YES!

Frau Blucher hands him a lit candle in a holder. Freddy  
walks up to the Private Library door.

FREDDY

No matter what you hear -- no  
matter how cruelly I beg you --  
however terribly I scream...do not  
open this door, or you will undo  
everything. Do you understand?  
Do not open this door!

INGA

Yes, doctor.

Cont.







FREDDY  
(almost sobbing, as he  
carresses the weeping  
Monster)  
My...NAME...IS...FRANK EN STEIN!

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - AN OWL

128

His eyes POPPING.

CUT BACK TO:

FREDDY

129

rocking the Monster.

TRIUMPHAL MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

130

A poster reads:

BUCHAREST ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

Tonight Only

DR. F. FRANKENSTEIN

Presents

THE CREATURE

in

"A Startling New Experiment in Reanimation"

Presented in Cooperation With

T N S

(Transylvania Neurological Society)

A "SOLD OUT" sticker is pasted across the poster.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM

131

The Audience is filled with ELDERLY SCIENTISTS, their WIVES  
and THE CURIOUS from the upper crust of society. All are  
elegantly dressed in cheap studio wardrobe.

Cont.

Standing at the back of the house is a ring of RIOT POLICE.  
In the center of the line, we see Inspector Kemp.

THE HOUSELIGHTS DIM.

THE FOOTLIGHTS COME UP.

The Audience MURMURS.

An ELDERLY ANNOUNCER comes out from the center of the closed curtain.

A little APPLAUSE of recognition from the Audience.

ANNOUNCER

Distinguished Colleagues...Ladies and  
Gentlemen...Tonight I have the special  
privilege of introducing to you, a  
man whose family name was once  
both famous, and, infamous...

A slight MURMUR from the Audience.

ANNOUNCER

...but who embodies, today, the  
highest aspirations of a new  
generation, and...a new world.  
It gives me great pleasure to  
introduce to you:  
DOKTOR BARON FRIEDRICH VON FRANKENSTEIN!

Reserved but polite APPLAUSE.

THE CURTAIN PARTS, the Announcer walking off with it to one  
of the sides.

Freddy, dressed in tails, stands in the center of a LIT STAGE

FREDDY

My fellow Scientists and Neurosurgeons  
...Ladies and Gentlemen...a few short  
weeks ago -- coming from a background,  
believe me, as conservative and  
traditionally grounded in scientific  
fact as any of you -- I began an  
experiment in -- incredulous as it  
may sound -- the reanimation of  
dead tissue.

REACTION from the Audience.

FREDDY

I have constructed -- from medically  
proven dead human components -- a  
LIVING CREATURE.

REACTION from the Audience.

Cont.

FREDDY

That this Creature might, for a day or an hour or a minute, lie in some liquid solution and PULSATE... that would be a revolutionary breakthrough. But not quite worthy of so distinguished a gathering. What I have to offer you...might possibly be...the gateway to immortality. Ladies and Gentlemen... may I present...THE CREATURE!

From stage right, dressed in a huge surgical gown, THE MONSTER WALKS SLOWLY ONTO the stage.

Several WOMEN SCREAM. A few of the Audience half rise out of their seats.

FREDDY

Please! Remain in your seats -- I beg you. We are not children here...we are scientists. I assure you there is nothing to fear.

The Audience calms down.

When the Monster reaches center stage, he looks at Freddy, who nods to him. The Monster stiffly BOWS to the Audience.

A few of the Audience APPLAUD in appreciation.

FREDDY

First, may I offer for your consideration -- a neurological demonstration of the primary cerebeller functions: BALANCE AND COORDINATION!

(to the Monster)

STAND -- ON -- YOUR -- TOES!

The Monster obeys.

FREDDY

STAND -- ON -- YOUR -- HEELS!

The Monster, with great difficulty, obeys.

Some of the Audience GASP in amazement, and MURMUR among themselves.

FREDDY

Now! WALK -- 'HEEL -- TO -- TOE!'

Cont.

The Monster walks "Heel to Toe," then stops.

FREDDY

BACKWARDS!

MURMURS from the Audience: "I don't believe it. Do you think he can do it?"

The Monster walks backwards, "Toe to Heel."

APPLAUSE.

FREDDY

Now stand heel to toe -- shut your eyes -- and EXTEND YOUR ARMS!

The Monster obeys.

FREDDY

(calling to offstage left)

The milk bottles -- please!

Igor, dressed in tails, walks on stage with one empty and one full bottle of milk, and hands them to Freddy.

IGOR

(to Freddy, under his breath)

You're doing beautifully. Tighten up the pauses and don't lose your energy. You're killing them!

FREDDY

Where's your hump?

IGOR

Never with Tails.

Freddy puts the empty milk bottle in the Monster's left hand. His left arm dips down -- then straightens itself.

Freddy puts the full milk bottle in the Monster's right hand. His right arm sags way down, then -- with tremendous effort -- he brings his arm up level again.

A BURST OF APPLAUSE, during which:

Freddy takes the two milk bottles from the Monster's hands and gives them back to Igor, who RETURNS TO THE WINGS at stage left.

Freddy touches the Monster on the back. The Monster opens his eyes and stands normally...enjoying his OVATION.

Cont.

FREDDY

Ladies and Gentlemen...up until now you have seen the Creature perform the simple mechanics of motor activity. But for what you are about to see next...we must enter, quietly, into the realm of genius. And believe me when I say, that I am -- myself -- as in awe of the gifts I possess, as if I were merely observing them in some other person. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

Igor ROLLS OUT A GRAND PIANO, with a piano bench on top, from stage left.

FREDDY

...MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS...DAMEN UND HERREN...from what was once an inarticulate mass of lifeless tissue... may I now present...

Igor sits at the piano, ready to play.

FREDDY

...a civilized, cultured...MAN ABOUT TOWN!

On..."TOWN," the stage GOES BLACK.

Igor PLAYS a short trill up the keyboard.

FREDDY

(from the darkness)

HIT IT!

ANOTHER ANGLE

132

A SPOTLIGHT hits Freddy and the Monster, both standing center stage, in TOP HAT, TAILS AND CANES.

FREDDY

(singing)

If you're blue and you don't know where to go, why don't you...

Freddy and the Monster accompany the music and singing with short, simple "Soft Shoe" steps.

Cont.

FREDDY

...go where fashion sits...

Freddy "gives" it to the Monster.

MONSTER

Poo -- tummm anngh ma Riis!

The Audience GASPS in awe and wonder that "it" can "talk."

FREDDY

Diff'rent types who wear a day  
coat, pants with stripes and  
cutaway coat, perfect fits...

MONSTER

Poo -- tummm anngh ma Riis!

FREDDY

Dressed up like a million dollar  
trouser.  
Trying hard to look like Gary Cooper.

MONSTER

(he is Fred Astaire)

Soo -- pah doo pah.

APPLAUSE. INGA IS CRYING with pride.

RIOT POLICEMAN

Inspector: looks like he's tamed  
the brute rather nicely.

KEMP

Seeing is not necessarily believing.

FREDDY

Come let's mix where  
Rock-e-fellers walk.

A GEL, in one of the footlights, BEGINS SMOKING.

FREDDY

With sticks or 'um-ber-el-las  
in their mitts...

MONSTER

Poo -- tummm anngh ma...

THE GEL BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Cont.



The Monster knows it's his cue; he just looks at Freddy.

FREDDY

For God's sake -- go on! Are you  
trying to make me look like a fool?  
Sing, you amateur! SING!!

The Monster gets a raw egg in the face.

AUDIENCE

Booooooooooooooooooooo!  
Get him off!  
Fake!  
What else can your toy do?

The Monster gets pelted with eggs and tomatoes.

MONSTER

(starting for  
the audience)

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMGHGHHGHMMMMM!

Freddy rushes in front of him.

FREDDY

STOP! I -- SAY -- STOP!!

The Monster is halted for a moment by the authority in  
Freddy's voice.

FREDDY

Go back! Do you understand me?  
I will not let you destroy my work.  
As your master...as your CREATOR...  
I command you -- GO BACK!

The Monster gives Freddy a colossal WHACK and jumps into the  
Audience.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMGHGHHGHJFJFJGHFJGH JGHGMMGMMM.

Inspector Kemp BLOWS A WHISTLE.

The Audience SCREAMS and SCATTERS. The Police pounce all  
over the Monster, and, eventually, drag him off...a helpless  
prisoner.

DISSOLVE TO:





FREDDY

There is a very strong physio-chemical reaction between us -- I mean, let's face facts.

INGA

Yes, Frederick.

FREDDY

But we're not children.

INGA

No.

He is looking at

The ENORMITY OF HER BOSOM.

FREDDY

We know very well what we can..and what-we-can.....not have.

INGA

I think so.

FREDDY

It's terrible the price society demands in the name of fidelity. After all, what is fidelity?

INGA

Not fooling around.

FREDDY

Yes, of course, but what I mean is... not fooling around physically?...or not fooling around intellectually?

Their lips are almost touching.

INGA

.....I see what you mean. Oh, doctor... I've always wanted to know, exactly how fast is the speed of light?

FREDDY

(completely mesmerized by her tone)

A hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

SCREEN WITES TO:

INGA AND FREDDY ON THE OPERATING TABLE, UNDER A  
WHITE SHEET

135

Only their heads are visible, and Freddy's right arm. He is smoking a cigarette.

FREDDY

There can never....ever....be anything physical between us. You know that, dear.

INGA

I know, Frederick.

FREDDY

...But an intellectual relationship, like this -- we could have as often as we wanted. Three times a day -- anything!

Frau Blucher appears at the stairway.

FRAU BLUCHER

Excuse me, Doctor.

FREDDY

What is it, Frau Blucher?

Freddy and Inga remain under the white sheet.

FRAU BLUCHER

This cable came while you were gone.

FREDDY

I thought I left instructions that I was not ever to be interrupted while working.

FRAU BLUCHER

I'm sorry, Doctor. I thought it was an emergency. Your fiancée will be arriving any moment.

She hands Freddy the cable.

FREDDY

Elizabeth? Here?

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes. I'll prepare her room at once.

Frau Blucher leaves.

Cont.

FREDDY  
 (reading cable)  
 'Can't wait any longer. Arrive in  
 your arms at ten tonight.'

INGA  
 (innocently pleased)  
 Oh, Doctor...how wonderful for you.

FREDDY  
 Yes.....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

136

The Two Guards who were playing cards are just leaving  
 through the cell door. A THIRD GUARD (RUDI) remains.

1ST GUARD  
 Pleasant dreams, Rudi. I'm sure your  
 new friend will be wonderful company.

RUDI  
 Oh, don't you worry 'bout dis one.  
 We gonna get along jus' fine.

2ND GUARD  
 (handing Rudi the keys)  
 Good night, Rudi!

RUDI  
 Good night!

The 1st and 2nd Guards leave.

RUDI  
 (to the chained monster)  
 Ja, we gonna get along jus' fine...  
 ain't we? If we know what's good for us.

MONSTER  
 ~~~~~.

RUDI  
 Ja, ja....none of dat. You save you  
 singin' for da stage. Or I make you  
 sing annuder song...how you like dat?

MONSTER  
 ~~~~~.

Cont.



## INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens and Elizabeth comes in. Frau Blucher and A CAR LEAVING can be SEEN in the b.g.

Freddy stands in dressing gown and ascot. Inga and Igor wait politely in the rear.

ELIZABETH

Darling!

FREDDY

Darling!

They embrace.

ELIZABETH

Surprised?

FREDDY

Surprised!

ELIZABETH

Love me?

FREDDY

Love you! Well - why don't we turn in?

ELIZABETH

Darling!?!

FREDDY

I mean, it's been a long day. I'm sure you must be tired. Oh! These are my assistants.

Freddy turns to get some luggage from the Coachman.

ELIZABETH

(stepping up to Inga)

How do you do?

INGA

So nice to meet you at last.

Elizabeth steps up to Igor.

IGOR

Darling!

ELIZABETH

Hello....!?

Cont.

IGOR  
Surprised?

ELIZABETH  
Well....yes!

IGOR  
Miss me?

ELIZABETH  
I.....

Freddy approaches them with Elizabeth's two suitcases:  
one very large and one very small.

FREDDY  
Ready, darling?

ELIZABETH  
Yes. I am a bit tired, after all.

FREDDY  
(to Igor)  
Give me a hand with these, will you,  
Ayegor?

IGOR  
It's pronounced Egor.

FREDDY  
But I thought...

IGOR  
Tit for tat! No offense, girls.

FREDDY  
Well....Egor...How about giving me  
a hand with these bags?

IGOR  
All right....you take the blonde, I'll  
take the dark one.

FREDDY  
The luggage!!

IGOR  
Certainly, master.

Cont.

Igor takes the small suitcase and, with Inga, leads Elizabeth and Freddy up the stairs. Freddy struggles with the large suitcase. Frau Blucher follows behind.

ON THE STAIRWAY

139

ELIZABETH

What a strange fellow.

FREDDY

Yes, he's a little bit...tilted...  
Harmless, though.

ELIZABETH

Why does he call you 'master'?

Freddy stares at her.

FREDDY

Are you suggesting that I call  
him master???

ELIZABETH

Why, no...of course not. I  
just meant...

FREDDY

All right, then!

OUT 140

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

141

Elizabeth -- in a long, satin robe -- stands over Freddy, who sits staring into a fire.

FREDDY

He's loose! Do you know what that means?

ELIZABETH

Darling, you mustn't worry so.

FREDDY

But it's all my fault -- don't you see? Somewhere inside that body there's a frightened child, crying out for love and understanding and normal human relationships. I just have to find some way to reestablish his communications system.

ELIZABETH

Frederick, you've done everything that's humanly possible.

FREDDY

I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH

Of course I am. Now come along like a good boy.

He gets up.

FREDDY

What would I do without you?

ELIZABETH

Is your room just down the hall? -- in case I get frightened during the night?

FREDDY

Well, yes, but....I thought perhaps tonight, under the circumstances... I might stay here with you.

ELIZABETH

Oh, darling! Don't let's spoil everything.

FREDDY

I don't want to spoil anything -- I just want to top it all off.

Cont.

ELIZABETH  
Would you want me now, like this, so  
soon before our wedding?...So near  
we can almost touch it?

FREDDY  
But I want to touch it.

ELIZABETH  
Or to wait a little while longer,  
when I can give myself without  
hesitation?...When I can be totally  
and unashamedly and legally yours?

FREDDY  
It's a tough choice.

ELIZABETH  
Is it worth taking a chance?

FREDDY  
I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH  
Of course I am. I always am. Now  
give me a kiss and say good night,  
like my good boy.

Their lips are half an inch apart.

ELIZABETH  
(in a passionate whisper)  
Chap Stick.

FREDDY  
Chap Stick, darling.

INT. HALLWAY

142

Elizabeth blows him a kiss and closes her door in his face.

Freddy stands for a moment, then walks to the door next to  
Elizabeth's room and knocks.

ANGLE ON INGA

143

as she opens the door, wearing a flimsy nightgown.

INGA  
Why, Doctor...is anything the matter?

FREDDY  
Just passing. Thought I'd say  
• good night.

Cont.

INGA

What's wrong, Doctor? You seem...  
lonely.

FREDDY

No, no, not lonely, just...I feel  
the need of a good -- intellectual  
discussion.

INGA

Would you like to come in and  
talk a little?

FREDDY

I wouldn't want to keep you up.

INGA

Oh, you wouldn't be keeping  
me up.

FREDDY

(looking at his watch)  
Well...perhaps for a few minutes.

They go into Inga's room.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

144

VILLAGERS with torches and DOGS stand on the street in the village square.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Kill him! Kill the Monster! Down with Frankenstein! We must find the Monster! He's probably gone back to his old master. Let's kill 'em both.

INSPECTOR KEMP

145

steps out, raises his hands to quiet the crowd.

INSPECTOR KEMP

A riot is an ugly thing. And I think it's just about time we had one.

"Yeas" from the crowd.

INSPECTOR KEMP

But the law must prevail! We shall go to the castle -- We shall confront Dr. Frankenstein with the facts -- and if, indeed, he is harboring the Monster...  
(raises his wooden arm)  
...as heaven is my witness, he will curse the day he was born a Frankenstein!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay!  
Down with Frankenstein!  
Kill the monster!

They all follow Inspector Kemp OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

146

Elizabeth is just finishing brushing her hair, humming quietly to herself. She stands up and blows out the candles near her mirror.

She walks to some French doors that open onto a small balcony. She opens the glass doors and looks at:

ANGLE ON THE MOON

147

Bright and full.



## INSPECTOR KEMP

These good citizens are ready to rip you from limb to limb unless you can offer some rational explanation for their fears. They believe that there are still strange goings on in this castle. How say you?

## FREDDY

Ugly, vicious rumors!

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!

## ASSORTED VILLAGERS

What was that?  
Listen!  
Did you hear that?

## INSPECTOR KEMP

And what was that?

## FREDDY

(looking at his watch)  
My fiancée was just calling me to supper. Would you excuse me.

Igor comes running out from inside the castle.

## IGOR

He's back! He's back! The monster's back!

Everyone looks at Freddy.

## FREDDY

What monster??

## IGOR

What d'ya mean, 'What monster?'  
You remember...the one we made in the basement.

## FREDDY

I'm sure we're all very tired. I suggest that we meet back here tomorrow morning at about eight-forty-five and thrash this thing out over coffee and schnecken.

## IGOR

Master, you don't understand. The big fellow's broken in and kidnapped your fiancée.

Cont.

FREDDY

What???

IGOR

He's carrying her off now, through the woods. But if you think we should wait for coffee and schnecken...

Freddy, Igor and The Mob run around TO THE SIDE of the castle.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF CASTLE

152

The Monster, with Elizabeth unconscious in his arms, can just be SEEN disappearing through a courtyard arch.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

There he is! That's the Monster!  
After him! Kill him!

Inspector Kemp and all the Villagers run o.s. after the Monster.

IGOR

What now, boss? -- a little something to eat and then join the chase?

FREDDY

It's too late for that -- he'll never trust the words of any man again. I've got to equalize the imbalance in his cerebrospinal fluid.

IGOR

I like your style, master.

FREDDY

There's only one way I know of to do that. One slim chance. But in order to try it...we've got to trick him into coming back here on his own.

IGOR

Whew! That's a tough one. Any thoughts...?

FREDDY

One!

IGOR

I'll bet it's a doozy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

153

The Burgomeister and the Villagers are on the hunt. The Burgomeister is being pulled along by a giant GREAT DANE. The Villagers climb little hills and rocks. OTHER DOGS are BARKING ferociously.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF OVERHANG - NIGHT

154

Elizabeth lies on a bed of leaves. She slowly opens her eyes and sees:

THE MONSTER

155

Smiling sweetly.

ELIZABETH

(stifling a scream)

Where am I?...What do you want?

...What are you going to do with me?...I'm not afraid of you!...

How much do you want to let me go?

My father is very rich -- you could have the world at your fingertips...

Listen...I have to be back by eleven-thirty -- I'm expecting a call. WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK???

The Monster makes a "Shhhh" sign with his finger. He starts to move towards her.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing?

The CAMERA DRIFTS slowly towards the opening to the cave, up to:

ANGLE ON THE MOON

156

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You can't be serious...You don't understand -- I've never...

Oh, my God, I...'Ah, sweet my-stery of life at last I found you...'

CUT TO:



EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

157

The Villagers make their way through the rocks and hills alongside A STREAM.

Rowboats -- with Villagers, torches and Dogs -- travel up the stream alongside the Villagers who are on land.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

158

Elizabeth and the Monster are lying on a bed of leaves.

ELIZABETH

Penny for your thoughts.

The Monster's eyes twinkle lasciviously.

ELIZABETH

You're incorrigible!...Aren't you?

MONSTER

MMMMmmmm.

ELIZABETH

All right, then...seven's always been my lucky number.

They are about to kiss when suddenly the Monster's ears perk up as he hears:

MUSIC: THE EERIE TRANSLYVANIAN LULLABY.

He doesn't know where it's coming from.

ELIZABETH

What, dear? What is it?

The Monster gives a pathetic little cry.

MONSTER

MMMMmm!

ELIZABETH

Is it that music?

MONSTER

MMMMM! MMMMM!

ELIZABETH

Probably just some nearby cottage. Nothing to worry about.

Cont.

The Monster gets up and starts out of the cave...pulled by forces he doesn't understand.

ELIZABETH

Where are you going? All you men are alike...seven or eight quick bangs and you're into the shower.

He's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT

159

Frau Blucher stands in the night air playing the violin. Freddy is conducting her.

In front of Frau Blucher is a tall microphone on a stand with two enormous speakers nearby, facing the woods.

Igor sits on a chair near Frau Blucher, like a member of a band waiting for his cue from Freddy -- the bandleader.

Now Igor gets up, puts his trumpet to his lips and blows just the "bridge." When he is finished, he sits back down and waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

160

The Monster walks passionately through the woods, fighting the branches in order to get to the music. One of the villagers, LOUIS, dressed in Lederhosen, Tyrolean hunter's cap and wearing a moose horn around his neck, leads another Villager by the hand.

LOUIS

(shouting to the others  
out of sight)

We'll look over here. I'm sure I saw something moving just a second ago.

(to the other Villager)

Quietly now -- follow me and don't make a sound.

The Monster walks up next to the other "Villager", who sees him and faints.

Cont.

Louis takes the Monster's hand.

LOUIS  
I said quietly! What's the matter  
with you? Just follow me -- I'll  
protect you. Why are you dragging  
along like a big...

Louis looks up and sees the Monster staring at him. He  
lifts his moose horn to his lips and blows half a note of  
warning as he is fainting. The Monster walks on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT 161

The Villagers make their way through the rocks and hills,  
alongside a stream.

Rowboats, with Villagers, torches and Dogs, travel up the  
stream, alongside the Villagers who are on land.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT 162

The Monster can be SEEN crawling up the side of the castle,  
trying to make it onto the roof.

Freddy and Igor move close to the edge of the roof as  
Frau Blucher continues playing.

FREDDY  
(to the Monster)  
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

FREDDY  
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

IGOR  
Come on, you son of a...

Freddy gives Igor a warning look.

IGOR  
...you son of a beauty you.

FREDDY  
(to Igor)  
Is everything ready?

IGOR

Yes, master. Are you sure you  
want to go through with it?

FREDDY

It's the only way.

IGOR

Okay, boss! But I hope you know  
what you're doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

163

1ST VILLAGER

We've combed the countryside. He's  
nowhere to be found.

Louis suddenly appears.

LOUIS

I saw him. I saw him. I saw him.

2ND VILLAGER

Which way did he go?

LOUIS

I saw him. I saw him.

2ND VILLAGER

(shaking Louis by the  
shoulders)

Get hold of your senses man! Which  
way did he go??

LOUIS

To the castle.

3RD VILLAGER

It was all a trick by that lunatic  
doctor.

2ND VILLAGER

Let's go back there and tear them  
both to pieces.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay!

Back to the castle!

Kill the monster!

Kill Dr. Frankenstein!

DISOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The Monster lies on the operating table. His eyes closed.

From out of his head come TEN THIN TUBES connecting with ONE LARGE TUBE.

The large tube travels up, above the Monster's head, turns across the room for five or six feet, then down again... where it connects with TEN THIN TUBES that are stuck into:

ANGLE ON FREDDY'S HEAD

Freddy lies on an operating table. His eyes closed.

Inga operates two gauges.

INGA

How do I know when they're done?

IGOR

The doctor said to allow fifteen minutes: But not one second more, or one second less.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A GIANT CLOCK ON THE WALL

with a "sweep" second hand. It is 11:57.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

How long is it so far?

IGOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Twelve minutes.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Three minutes to go!

IGOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yes.

BACK TO SCENE

INGA

Oh, Igor -- I'm so afraid!  
What happens if we miss by a few seconds?

Cont.

IGOR

Then all -- would -- be -- lost,  
and...

SCENE BEGINS TO FADE.

IGOR

WHAT A MINUTE!!

LIGHTS COME BACK UP.

IGOR

...and may God -- help -- them --  
both!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

168

The Villagers are POUNDING on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

169

Inga and Igor watch over the two bodies.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

170

It is 11:58.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

171

INGA

How long now?

IGOR

Two more minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

172

The Villagers are RAMMING THE FRONT DOOR DOWN with a pole.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

173

It is 11:58 and THIRTY SECONDS.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

174

INGA

Igor -- are you sure the doctor  
said fifteen minutes? Are you  
absolutely certain he's not in  
danger??

IGOR

Why, certainly! May my mother  
grow two heads if this doesn't  
all end well.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - A TWO-HEADED OLD LADY

127

rocking in a chair.

175

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE

176

The front door gives way.

The Villagers burst INTO THE CASTLE.

CUT TO:

INT.-RECEPTION HALL

177

The Villagers scatter every which way in search of the doctor and the Monster.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE CLOCK

178

It is 11:59 and TWENTY SECONDS.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

179

INGA

(looking up as she  
hears the Villagers)

What's that noise?

IGOR

Sounds like someone left the telly  
on.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY

A-179

Villagers come POURING DOWN THE STAIRS towards the laboratory.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Kill them!

Kill that doctor!

Kill the monster!

Tear them both to pieces!

CUT TO:



INT. LABORATORY

B-179

INGA  
 (handling the  
 gauges)  
 Igor -- What time is it?

Igor looks at:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

180

It is 11:59 and FORTY SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

181

IGOR  
 Almost time. Another twenty  
 seconds to go.

INGA  
 Do something! Stall them!

Igor rushes up to the Laboratory door. The door bursts open.

IGOR  
 (to Kemp and the  
 Villagers)  
 May I say who's calling?

1ST VILLAGER  
There they are! COME ON, MEN!!

They sweep right OVER IGOR.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

182

It is 11:59 and FIFTY SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

183

2ND VILLAGER  
 (seeing Freddy lying  
 on his operating table)  
 Here's that crackpot doctor --  
 let's get him first!!

Several Villagers grab Freddy's body and PULL THE TUBES OUT from his head.

INGA  
 (standing further back,  
 unable to leave the  
 gauges)  
 NO! PLEASE!! Another seven seconds. ♫

ZOOM TO THE CLOCK

It is only 11:59 and FIFTY-THREE SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

The Villagers hold Freddy up over their shoulders yelling and screaming. They start off with him.

A GIANT VOICE

(o.s.)

Put that man down!

Everyone turns towards the Voice.

There, on his operating table -- holding the removed tubes from his head -- sits the Monster.

AN OLD WOMAN

Why...it's the monster!

1ST VILLAGER

It couldn't be.

MONSTER

(standing on the  
table)

I said: Put that man down!

The frightened Villagers carry Freddy back to his table and lay him down.

1ST VILLAGER

He is the monster.

3RD VILLAGER

And he can speak.

KEMP

Who are you, sir, that you  
order these people about?

MONSTER

I am The Monster. And yes...  
I can speak. For as long as I can  
remember, people have hated me.  
They looked at my body and my face  
and ran away in horror. It took  
me a long time to understand why,  
because I knew what was in my  
heart. In my loneliness I  
decided that if I couldn't inspire  
love...which was my deepest hope...  
I would, instead, cause fear.

Cont.

## MONSTER (Cont.)

And I was hung for it. I live now because this poor, half-crazed genius has given me life. He alone held an image of me as something beautiful. And then, when it would have been easy enough to stay out of danger, he used his own body as a guinea pig in order to give me a calmer brain...and a slightly more sophisticated way of expressing myself. But I'm still 'The Monster'...sometimes known as 'Him', occasionally, 'The Creature.' But they're one and the same. I am that tall, peculiarly attractive stranger with the winning smile.

## KEMP

Well -- this is of course another situation. As the leader of this community, may I be the first to offer my hand in friendship.

Kemp puts out his hand. The Monster shakes it courteously.

## MONSTER

Thank you.

## KEMP

(turning to go)

You're entirely welcome. And now I think we had all better...

Kemp's hand remains in the Monster's grip. Kemp looks at it

## KEMP

(muttering in German)

Sheisel! Noch einmal. Was zum teufel geht hier los?

He grabs his hand from the Monster and walks out, still muttering under his breath.

## ANGLE ON THE VILLAGERS

186

They mumble and shuffle OUT of the Laboratory.

## INGA

(to the Monster)

You were wonderful. But I'm so worried about the doctor.

Cont.

Igor is listening to Freddy's heartbeat as Inga and the Monster come to him.

They all three put their ears to Freddy's chest and listen.

They smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MODERN BEDROOM - NIGHT

187

LEGEND OVER SCREEN IMAGE

A FEW WEEKS LATER  
THE ELDORADO TOWERS  
CENTRAL PARK WEST  
NEW YORK CITY

Elizabeth is sitting at her makeup table, dressed in a nightgown, getting ready for bed.

ELIZABETH

Darling! I hope you didn't find  
Daddy's little party too boring.  
He did it just for you, and he  
meant so well. Tell me you liked  
it.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

188

A VOICE

(o.s.)

Mmmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(c.s.)

I know Mummy's just a scatterbrain  
without a serious thought in her  
head, but...you love her just a  
little bit, don't you?

A VOICE

(o.s.)

Mmmmmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm ready for bed, sweetheart.  
Almost done??

Cont.

MONSTER

**XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX**

—ELIZABETH

**MONSTER**

(taking off his robe)

**MM**

ELIZABETH

MONSTER

**Minnesota.**

ELIZABETH

Love me oodles and oodles?

**MONSTER**

**Minnesota.**

ELIZABETH

So this is what it's like to be completely happy!

**MONSTER**

(to the camera)

**MM**

SCREEN WIPES TO:

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

189

Freddy is sitting in an easy chair near the fire dressed in pajamas and reading a newspaper (probably the "Transylvania Tribune").

From the bathroom comes the SOUND of Inga HUMMING a pleasant tune.

**Cont.**

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Did you have a nice day today?

FREDDY

Oh, just the usual: sore throats,  
a few colds, two bladder  
transplants and someone who  
thought he was a Werewolf.

She goes on humming.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Did you notice the new drapes I  
put up in the bedroom?

FREDDY

(looking up)

Yes!...They're very nice. I  
like them.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Oh, good.

A short pause of silence, and then...

Inga begins humming -- quite unconsciously -- the EERIE  
TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

Freddy's face is hidden behind the newspaper, but he is  
suddenly COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I was hoping you'd like them.

She continues humming the Transylvanian Lullaby.

Freddy slowly lowers the paper.

He touches his fingertips to his temple. His eyes open and  
close, as if he were trying to focus.

Inga comes out of the bathroom dressed in her nightgown.

INGA

Ach -- Look what I'm humming!  
We haven't heard that song since  
before the troubles started.

She continues humming as she folds back the covers of their  
large double bed.

